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HENRIETTA,

COUNTESS OSENVOR,

A SENTIMENTAL

NOVEL.

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A SENTIMENTAL

NOVEL,

IN A SERIES OF

LETTERS

To Lady SUSANNAH FITZROY.

By Mr. TREYSSAC de VERGY,

Counſellor in the Parliament of *Paris*.

And EDITOR of the LOVERS.

"*Love and Virtue held the Pen.*"

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HENRIETTA,

A

SENTIMENTAL NOVEL.

LETTER I.

HENRIETTA Counteſs OSENVOR, to Lady SUSANNAH FITZROY.

WHETHER Mrs. Verman thought that ſolitude was more her enemy than Mr. Romney, or ſhe was apprehenſive for my health, I know not; but I received an unexpected order to come down to dinner.

" I wiſh, Henrietta, I could find a
" taliſman againſt the tyranny of the
" paſſions—they are the bane of plea-
" ſure—what a change a few days have
" made in our life! we were both ſo
" happy—curſed for ever be the day
" I went with you to Lady Bennet!
" If I have loſt the heart of my daugh-
" ter, let me however ſee her in her
" countenance—I love you, I want to
" be deceived—this deluſion I may one
" day repay——

" Doubt no more my affection than
" you would my virtue——

" Put then a look of indifference
" inſtead of that loving one—I hate to
" ſee

" ſee it—with the former the deceptⁿ
" tion will be more natural — who
" knows but in mimicking, you may
" realize it? how often do not mankind
" take the ſpirit of the airs they aſ-
" ſume! very little of prepoſſeſſion is
" capable of changing a character, or
" forming a new one—we all are chil-
" dren from the days we think not to
" thoſe we boaſt to reaſon——

" Very few, at every ſeaſon of life,
" have not a particular folly to in-
" dulge—like a child's bauble, our ſen-
" ſations have their day—this hour an
" Enthuſiaſt, the next an Unbeliever—
" if among the company I expect, one
" could read your thoughts, Henrietta,

" ten to one he would attract your at-
" tention, and divert you from Mr.
" Romney; and had he as much ſkill
" as knowledge, that Mr. Romney
" you are ſo fond of, might to-mor-
" row receive his congé coldly written
" with your own hands.—You ſhake
" your head, and will not believe—
" like you I have been young, and
" had my opinion; like me, perhaps,
" an unforeſeen incident will make you
" ſenſible of your error.——

* * * * *

" I was not ſeventeen years old,
" when chance threw in my way a man
" exactly formed to turn a virgin's
" head. Shape, features, wit and ta-
" lents

" lents he united to a miracle. So
" much ſuperior was he to any man I
" had ſeen before, that my heart, after
" a trifling defence, ſurrendered to its
" conqueror. I thought but of him,
" dreſſed but for him — him only I
" condeſcended to pleaſe — his birth
" and fortune agreeing with mine, my
" parents approved our paſſion, and
" granted my hand as ſoon as it was
" aſked. The wedding day was fixed
" —you may imagine, Henrietta, how
" happy I fancied myſelf — to marry
" the man I loved! it is the ſole real
" bliſs upon earth—I enjoyed it with
" the delirium of an intoxicated ſoul—
" ſhould then an angel have deſcend-
" ed from heaven, and told me—*You*

" *are deluded: you love not*—I would
" not have credited him.

* * * * * *

" An hour before the marriage arti-
" cles were to be ſigned, I was amuſing
" myſelf with a ſquirrel I liked, and
" feeding him with my own hands,
" when my lover entered the room.—
" For a few minutes he partook of the
" innocent diverſion, and helped the
" little animal to a bit of a nut—one
" kiſs was his reward—on a ſudden
" my gentleman, very likely to try my
" temper, fell on the ſquirrel, and be-
" fore I could fly to his relief, wreſted
" his neck and killed him.——This
" inhumanity preſently beggared my
" lover

" lover of all his charms — I ſaw in
" him a monſter, whoſe preſence was a
" torment—ſo quickly did my inclina-
" tion vaniſh, that I did not even deign
" to upbraid him with his cruelty—

" I ruſhed out of the room, and
" ſhut the door after me. My father
" was the firſt I met with, as I ran
" down the ſtairs—the flutter of my
" ſpirits betrayed the inward emotion—
" he took me by the hand, preſſed me
" to his boſom, and would abſolutely
" know the cauſe—I could not ſpeak—
" he led me to his cloſet—then a flood
" of tears relieved my oppreſſed heart.
" —I began to breathe, and falling on
" my knees, intreated him not to op-

" poſe the reſolution I had juſt formed
" never to marry Mr. Morley.—How
" amazed was my father! ſo ſudden
" an indifference ſtruck him dumb—
" he miſtruſted his own ears—I ſaw
" the doubt in his looks—and twice
" repeated the ſame prayer.

" Heavens! what do I hear!—is
" it poſſible?—do not I miſtake?—the
" man you loved half an hour ago—

" Is now the object of my hatred—

" The tranſition is not natural—wait
" till the firſt heat of your ſpite be
" over——

" It

" It is not a ſpite—but a real con-
" tempt—that man I abhor——

And then I related what had paſt

" What! exclaimed my father, your
" affection for your lover cannot out-
" live the death of a ſquirrel! pſhaw!
" ridiculous!—when you are cool, your
" love will return——

" It will not—Fancy had deceived
" my heart—this accident has diſſi-
" pated the illuſion—ſince I prefer my
" ſquirrel to Mr. Morley, I love him
" not——

" Such an inconſtancy at the minute
" you were going to be united!—what
" will the world ſay?——

" What they pleaſe—Oh! dear fa-
" ther, ſacrifice not your daughter to
" the opinion of a fooliſh world——

" Who ſhall appeaſe your mother—
" her anger will be juſt.

" You yourſelf—defend my cauſe—
" her love and her duty warrant me
" her forgiveneſs—never did ſhe op-
" poſe my father's pleaſure——

" For a whim ſhall we break a
" match, honourable in every re-
" ſpect?——

" Think of your daughter's happi-
" neſs——

" I would

" I would not make you unhappy.
" —I am a father—but—give ſome
" hours to reflection — you may re-
" pent——

" Never, never——

And I bedewed his hands with my tears.

" No longer did my father reſiſt—
" the lawyers were ſent away, and Mr.
" Morley, whom from that minute I
" conſtantly avoided, went to France
" and forgot me.—I thought I loved,
" Henrietta; yet the loſs of a ſquirrel
" in one moment deadened my paſſion,
" and convinced me of my error.——
" A ſquirrel only! how I would have
" laughed

" laughed at thoſe who would have
" maintained the caſe might happen !
" You ſee, however, Henrietta, that
" they would have been right, and I
" abſolutely wrong—we are not our-
" ſelves when we give way to paſſion—
" from this we receive a new under-
" ſtanding, with which we ſee what is
" not, and form judgments we ſhould
" bluſh for, were we in cool blood.

Some of the company ſhe expected, coming in, my mother whiſpered me—
" Remember the ſquirrel."

LET-

LETTER. II.

THAT anecdote of the ſquirrel, Suſannah, made a ſtrong impreſſion on my mind.

" Is it poſſible that fancy ſhould have
" ſuch a power over our hearts as to
" command their feelings, and that from
" it, our ſenſations ſhould borrow their
" reality?—I have heard men defend
" opinions evidently abſurd — defend
" them ſo obſtinately as to deſerve of-
" tener our contempt than our pity—
" like them am not I an enthuſiaſt in-
" dulging an error from the fear of be-
" ing

" ing enlightened?—Illuſions are ſo
" agreeable—who can wiſh for their
" loſs?—oh! that ſquirrel—that ſquir-
" rel—I will put my affection for Mr.
" Romney to the teſt of diſſipation and
" coquetry—leave every avenue to my
" heart open to infidelity.—Lord Oſen-
" vor has true merit—to him I ſhall
" liſten—ſhould it be only to pleaſe my
" mother, and take from her a real
" cauſe to complain and deny, I muſt
" make a few attempts to be free—her
" generoſity will repay me—that ſquir-
" rel—how ſtrange!—

* * * * * * * *

The deſire of being free, dear Suſannah, was for five hours to me what the

the death of the ſquirrel had been to my mother: It took ſuch a poſſeſſion of my head as to cool the idea of Mr. Romney, and permit me to ſhare with a tolerable degree of vivacity in the chit-chat of our gueſts. I went even ſo far as to ſmile at the *Douceurs* whiſpered me, and give them a ſong in the praiſe of Liberty—I will tell you all—I was witty—after this demonſtrative proof of indifference, my mother could not contain her joy.

" Never did I queſtion your reaſon—
" though obſcured, its light was not ex-
" tinguiſhed—

" Say my tenderneſs for you—

" I am

" I am ſenſible of both—Henrietta,
" you are my daughter again.—

* * * * * *

" What weak creatures we are! how
" readily we run from one extreme to an
" other! how various the ſhades under
" which we may be ſeen! I do not won-
" der at the different opinions the
" world entertain of an individual, this
" man may be eſteemed in one ſociety
" and deſpiſed in an other, and that
" woman be mentioned for her indiffe-
" rence, when her ſoul burns with all
" the fire of love. The fear I might
" be miſtaken influenced me as ambi-
" tion does the courtier who begs from
" the miniſter he ſcorns—it abſolutely
" changed

" changed my nature—thoſe who then
" ſaw me could have ſworn to the in-
ſenſibility of the ſprightly thoughtleſs
Henrietta. The departure of the moſt
gay part of the company ſoon cauſed a
relapſe—my imagination no longer ſup-
ported by the ſallies of youth and wit
drew back on the favourite object to
fill the troubleſome vacuity it felt. Like
the ſun which never appears brighter
than when it has been concealed behind
a cloud, Mr. Romney's image revived
in my heart. I ſaw him under the very
features I wiſhed him to wear—hand-
ſome, paſſionate, and ſincere.

" Oh! this is not the way to forget
" him, ſighed I—my attempt has add-
" ed

" ed to his charms—my paſſion has in-
" creaſed—he is the deeper rooted in
" my heart.—

I wiſhed for noiſe to drown the ſecret whiſperings of love—their ſeduction was irreſiſtible in the calm I was—I liſtened with the ſame complacency as I have viewed a picture of Correggio.—Every word, as every beauty attracted my attention and pleaſed my ſoul. — I heard Mr. Romney, and anſwered him as if he had been preſent—I forgot the ſquirrel and thought of my lover.

LETTER

LETTER III.

THE reſt of the evening I ſupported alternately the different characters I acted. Some time exerting an uncommon flow of gaiety, and now and then ſinking into a reverie or a ſoliliquy. This tranſition, the indifferent could not perceive, but it did not eſcape my mother's diſcernment.

" Henrietta beware of a reverie—
" it is a poiſon, the more dangerous,
" that it is made of all the allurements
" of pleaſure—from you I require only
" an

" an impartial examination of two men
" of equal merit,—wait till the pre-
" ſence of Lord Oſenvor either con-
" firms Mr. Romney's victory, or de-
" feat—if in the mean time you in-
" dulge the thought of your lover you
" give him a confeſſed advantage over
" his rival—how can you value his
" worth, if you have no intereſt, or
" deſire to know it?—

" I doubt Lord Oſenvor's triumph—

" That doubt makes too ſtrongly a-
" gainſt him—it is a prejudice you muſt
" not entertain, otherwiſe you would
" be both judge and party. I will
" have your paſſion undergo a fair tryal,

" and

" and be above the fear of ſorrow—
" let me be totally convinced that your
" love is not a chimera; but, that my
" belief be rational, you muſt not
" bribe your reaſon—let it coldly judge
" and determine.—my conſent I attach
" to your impartiality—Deceive me
" not; I will be juſt.—

" You ſhall not complain—I will en-
" deavour to obey.

* * * * * *

This ſudden turn in Mrs. Verman's diſpoſition made me apprehenſive for Mr. Romney.

" She would not ſo eaſily have pro-
" miſed her conſent had ſhe not a cer-
" tainty,

" tainty, either founded on her con-
" tempt of the paſſions or her know-
" ledge of my own character, that I
" ſhall change.—

Her confidence forced a miſtruſt of myſelf into my heart—at that time I did not think of the artful ſnare ſhe had laid for me, I ſaw but reaſon and juſtice in her proceeding—by leaving me at full liberty to chuſe, ſhe weakened the force of the ſpirit of contradiction which naturally riſes or falls in proportion to the more or leſs reſiſtance it meets with—often is that ſpirit the whole reality of a paſſion—often does this, when no longer fed with obſtacles, dwindle into indifference. Whether this motive,

unknown

unknown to me, produced my new fears I know not, I took them for the effects of the ſuperiority which experience gave to my mother over me. If the former cauſed them, let me exclaim again and again—what weak creatures we are!—

LETTER

LETTER IV.

I WAS juſt awoke from one of thoſe enchanting dreams which nature, whilſt reaſon is aſleep, does ſometimes favour our ſenſes with, when Mrs. Moulton tiptoed to my bed.

" Will you forgive me?

" This ſhe ſpoke with the ſtammer-
" ing of a criminal.

" Forgive you!—

I was amaſed, and ſearched for the truth in her look?—

" What

" What have you done, dear Ma-
" dam, that you implore my forgive-
" neſs?—You ſmile!—

Some news from my lover, thought I.

" Come, trifle no longer with my
" curioſity—what brought you here?—

" A couſin of mine—the ugliеſt fel-
" low my eyes ever beheld—half of
" his face he left in the fields of Ger-
" many, and one arm in Canada. He
" has heard you was one of the pretti-
" eſt women in England, and ſuch is
" his eſteem of beauty that he comes
" from Dublin on purpoſe only to ſee
" you—

" To ſee me! fy! Mrs. Moulton—

" Yes, Madam, to ſee you, and ſo
" prevailing his intreaties have been
" upon me that I have promiſed to
" procure him the ſight of your charms
" —he waits in the next cloſet, where
" I have locked him, for the moment
" you deign to appear—in favour of
" the motive, pity my poor couſin's
" impertinence—beauty is his foible—
" he would travel to Conſtantinople
" were he certain to have a glance at
" the favourite Sultana.—

" This is downright madneſs—and
" you think I will receive his viſit?—

" One

" One minute only — he begs no
" more—will you grudge one minute
" when it can make a man happy?—

" A couſin of yours, you ſay?—

" Thus he calls himſelf. He aſked
" the ſervants for his couſin Moulton,
" and was ſent to me. He was ſo full
" of you, that I had not the heart to
" trouble him for the proofs of his be-
" ing of my family.—

There is ſome myſtery in this—could it be Romney?—as I made this reflection I ſlip'd a gown on, and was ſoon dreſſed. Mrs. Moulton had ſuch a grave face that I did not know what to think.

I ſtepped to my dreſſing room.

" Shall I, Madam, bring the man
" to you?—

" Do.—

And I leaned againſt the window.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Moulton came firſt.

" Pray, Madam, be not frightened
" at my couſin's horrible figure—

And then entered the monſter.

Although warned of his deformity, I ſhrunk three paces back with terror, and turning my head, with my hand bid him to go.

" Oh!

" Oh! Henrietta!—

At the ſound of the well known voice I wheeled about — it was my lover. The large black patch which covered his face he had taken off.

My ſurpriſe was great, my joy ſtill greater.

" What! Is it you?—

My heart betrayed itſelf in the few words I pronounced.

" Till I have heard you forgive, thus
" I will remain—

And he fell at my feet.

" Do I want to ſay I do?—

He could not miſtake my expreſſion. He aroſe—how my heart panted!—my hand lay trembling in his—the agitation of his ſpirits was equal to mine—for five minutes he could but ſigh—but gaze—but ſigh and gaze again.—So tender a ſcene!—Suſannah, 'twas the firſt, it has been the laſt my ſoul ever enjoyed.

LETTER

LETTER V.

IN ſuch a confuſion Mr. Romney's unexpected ſight had thrown my ſenſes, that being no longer able to ſupport myſelf, I was nigh falling, when he received me in his arms, and placed me upon an elbow chair.—What a tenderneſs the languor of our ſpirits ſpreads over every motion, all over our countenance! it ſeems that thoſe minutes belong particularly to nature, ſo ſtill and ſilent are then both reaſon and modeſty. My eyes wandered on my lover with an unſpeakable delight—not once did the fear of being ſurpriſed by my

mother, intrude—of me, my heart only felt, and its feelings were thoſe of love and pleaſure. Like mine, Mr. Romney's eloquence conſiſted not in words: he talked the ſame language I did—without the help of our tongue we expreſſed and anſwered our mutual ſentiments.

Mrs. Moulton in bathing the temple of my head with hungary water diſordered the handkerchief which already was too careleſsly paſſed over my boſom. The ſight of my breaſt animated Romney's eyes—I ſaw by the motion of his lips a deſire to kiſs it—then Virtue whiſpered — " beware of thy ſenſes, " Henrietta, — beware of thy lover's " lips—

" lips— they may diffuſe ſo ſubtle a " poiſon as"—Virtue ſtopped—I underſtood her. An air of dignity blending itſelf immediately with that of love, cooled the temptation in Mr. Romney's heart. His reſervedneſs charmed me, the more ſo, as he could not doubt his pardon had he durſt to offend. So reſpectful and diſintereſted a lover deſerved a reward—I forgot the handkerchief, wiſhed he would be leſs generous, and turned half my head—as modeſty inſtantly claimed her rights, my gratitude was a dead virtue—I muſt reward him with words—with a few " I love " you—what I'll ſay, I'll feel, this will " compenſate for the kiſs he has loſt."

* * * * * *

Mr. Romney had thrown himſelf on his knees before me when Mrs. Moulton attempted to keep my ſpirits from ſinking. There I ſuffered him; ſo pleaſed was he with his ſituation—it would have been a needleſs ſeverity to deprive him of it. My hands I left in his—his diſcretion made me overlook favours I would not have granted had he too viſibly ſet a value upon them.

" This is, Henrietta, the very firſt
" day of real happineſs I ever lived—
" the emotions you could not ſuppreſs,
" I have enjoyed to a pain—my Hen-
" rietta loves me—no other bliſs am I
" deſirous of—Say you love me, that
" I may not think I dream—I am hap-
" py—

" py—happy ſo much beyond my ex-
" pectations that I ſtill fear to be de-
" luded—ſay you love me—

I heſitated, Suſannah, to pronounce the myſterious words " I love you"—not, that I was afraid that my heart would belie my tongue, but education has given theſe words ſuch a ſenſe, ſuch a character as to intimidate—Beſides does not the " I love you" like poſſeſſion deaden deſire in a man? It takes from his ſoul the fiery activity of ſuſpence—when certain of the bliſs he panted after, like a hero in time of peace, he falls aſleep under the laurels he has got.

How ſad on a ſudden that Mr. Romney, whoſe features had the moment

before

before boaſted his happineſs, and expreſſed the delirium of pleaſure! Men are great fools—ſo are we, Suſannah! If after what he had ſeen, he could not doubt my tenderneſs, after what I had written my ſcruple was ridiculous. I pitied him, and pitied myſelf.

" Reſume your ſpirits, Romney—I " love you——

" Is it then true——

" Oh! too true——

" That *too* is intollerable—'tis tor- " ment to hear it—either it ſuppoſes " a fault in me, or a fear in you not " to be happy——

" It

" It does neither — I eſteem you,
" therefore entertain no apprehenſions
" of that kind—but my mother, againſt
" you, favours another man—ſhe in-
" ſiſts on my ſubmitting my paſſion to
" a fair trial—to judge between Lord
" Oſenvor and you—to be certain that
" I really love, before I give my
" hand—her conſent is the price of my
" compliance with her deſires——

" Did not you tell Mrs. Verman you
" loved me ?——

" I did, and could not conquer her
" incredulity—by obeying her, I ſhall
" be yours—by diſobeying, I may loſe
" you.——

" I ſhud-

" I ſhudder at the thought of that
" tryal—it is not a fair one, ſince my
" rival will be perpetually with you,
" and I am forbid your ſight—who
" will talk for me.

" My heart—and your virtues——

He would tell his gratitude—it was too great—the words expired on his lips.—I rejoiced at my anſwer, ſo happy it made him.

" Dear, dear Henrietta——

And he carried my hand to his heart.

" This beats only to you—it is ab-
" ſolutely yours—never ſhall it receive
" an impulſe but of love—there, no
" other

" other paſſion will diſpute your
" ſway——

" All your fears are now ſubſided—
" you will not wait with anxiety the
" event of the trial?——

And I amorouſly ſmiled upon him.

" How could I calmly hope for ſuc-
" ceſs, when my Henrietta is the price
" of the conteſt?—an Earl for rival!
" Henrietta, forgive if I fear—it is
" an involuntary offence—it proceeds
" from the greatneſs of your value,
" and my inſignificancy—an Earl!—

" You

" You are a man—is there a nobler
" title ?—have a care, Sir ; humble
" me not, by thinking I may diſdain
" virtue for the ſake of a falſe gran-
" deur, and ſearch for happineſs in the
" ſhewy ſcenes of life——

" I have heard of Lord Oſenvor :
" his reputation is an honour to his
" rank ; his virtues have added a new
" luſtre to a name already deſervedly
" famous by a long ſeries of noble an-
" ceſtors—he is not only an Earl—but
" a man, ſuch as you deign to call
" me—two ſo great advantages united
" in the ſame perſon—frown not, Hen-
" rietta—I have no fears—I am ſi-
" lent——

LETTER VI.

THOUGH my lover ſaid "I have no fears," a tear betrayed the perplexity of his mind.

"Can you queſtion my word?—is "it thus you eſteem me?—Oh, Rom-"ney! be not unjuſt—your deſpond-"ency is an inſult I will not brook—

"I love—you are the object—how "ſhould I be eaſy? Reflect on the "power of my enemies—Lord Oſen-"vor at a perpetual liberty to watch, "and

" and make the beſt of your ſenſibili-
" ty—your mother perpetually ſpeak-
" ing his praiſes, and abaſing me—

" Am not I you friend, Romney?—
" What will opportunities and my re-
" ſpect avail them, when my heart is
" for you?——

" The ardent officiouſneſs of an
" amiable man, and the inſinuating
" careſſes of a mother, may weaken a
" paſſion, and give it another turn—
" there are hours fatal to lovers—my
" happineſs is ſo new——

" Romney—Romney!——

" Be not angry at the tears I ſhed—
" at the fears I cannot diſſemble.—

" Had

" Had you only your beauty to boaſt—
" however perfect, I might hope it
" would cauſe but admiration—your
" wit, your good ſenſe, your talents—
" Henrietta, theſe are the qualities
" which call forcibly for the love of
" the ſenſible, and fix you for ever in
" their hearts—who could love, and
" not ſtudy how to pleaſe, to affect,
" to engage your affections?—

" But if they are already yours, can
" they be another's? Are our hearts
" ſo inconſtant as to change and vary
" thus from feelings to feelings? I
" believe it not—I am more generous
" than you, Romney—it is my hap-
" pineſs to think you ſhall be faithful,
" and

" and never love any other woman
" than me——

" This confirms my fears——

" Why ſhould I foreſee what may
" never happen, when, at the moment
" I live, it may make me unhappy ?—

" Your reaſon is too cool—you love
" me not.——

" Ungrateful man ! is this the re-
" ward of my affection for you ?—

I could not ſtop the tears which his ſuſpicions forced from my eyes.

" My reaſon was too cool !"—to keep it ſo, what did not I ſuffer !—

how

how many the ſighs I had been obliged to ſmother—the ſobbings to ſuppreſs—the ſenſations to diſguiſe!——"You love me not!" His injuſtice was not to be born—it pierced my ſoul to be thought falſe—I got up to fly from him—he took hold of my apron, and with the wild look of deſpair——

"Stay—Henrietta, ſtay, and forget "your wrongs, or—this minute, my "life will expiate for them——life I "ſcorn, if you forgive not—I have "been guilty—but I love—I am not "myſelf——Henrietta! ſay you par- "don—my ſoul is upon the rack— "relieve it from the agony it en- "dures——

"By

" By you was I to be taught pain!
" Should it have been forced into my
" heart, after I had ſaid " I love you,
" Romney?" A puniſhment for re-
" ward!—from you did I deſerve it?—

" Remember not my offence—it
" ſinks me below the man and the
" lover—let one ſmile, charming Hen-
" rietta, announce it is obliterated—

" You never will miſtruſt me
" again?——

" No, never——

I offered my cheek—why ſhould I diſſemble with thee, Suſannah?—upon his lips I ſealed his pardon.

" After

" After this, Romney, be convinced
" you have nothing to fear——

" Now, ſaid Mrs. Moulton, that you
" underſtand one another, you muſt for
" a few days take a farewel——

" Why for a few days, Mrs. Moul-
" ton? cannot I to-morrow under the
" ſame maſk?——

" To this day's calm a ſtorm may
" ſucceed—I fear Mrs. Verman's vigi-
" lant eye—your viſit to me ſhe will
" know, and not ſuſpect—your next
" ſhe may aſcribe to her daughter—you
" would be undone, were ſhe to ſur-
" prize you—a different garb muſt you
" aſſume

" aſſume when you come again—I'll
" think of it—Henrietta, another kiſs,
" and ſend him away——

" Both poiſon and balſam are in your
" words——

A noiſe we heard in the library joining to my dreſſing room, announcing my mother, Mrs. Moulton puſhed him towards the door——

" But the kiſs—the kiſs——

" Take it——

He did, and went away.

LET-

LETTER VII.

" OSENVOR! thou haſt no
" chance, or I know nothing of
" my heart!——

With this exclamation I ſat down to my toilet. The languor of my eyes told too loud I had ſhed tears. I feared their indiſcreet chit-chat——

" All is ſafe—he is gone—whiſpered
" Mrs. Moulton.——

" But theſe eyes will betray me.—
" Though happy, I cannot give them
" their uſual vivacity——

" Well, cannot you ſay you have
" the head-ach ?——

" I have it not.——

" Since truth offends, and falſhood
" only can pleaſe, what other language
" can you ſpeak ?—Would you, for
" an inſignificant lye, break your mo-
" ther's heart, and hazard your own
" happineſs ? that vice is oftener a
" virtue than we think——

" No circumſtance whatever can juſ-
" tify it, Mrs. Moulton — it may be
" commendable to keep in our hearts
" a deſtructive truth, when there is no
" neceſſity of telling it ; but if it is
" aſked,

" aſked, and we are obliged to anſwer,
" it is baſe to conceal it.—To what a
" contempt of myſelf my mother ex-
" poſes me!——

" This moralizing, dear Madam,
" will not enliven your eyes—'tis the
" worſt remedy you could think of—
" the only one, I ſwear, that cannot
" cure.—Come, cheer up your ſpirits,
" and behold the fine proſpect that lies
" before you.—A young, handſome,
" and ſenſible lover—days of content—
" nights of raptures—you ſmile—this
" ſmile is the very elixir which will
" brighten your looks—it has already
" operated—caſt a glance at this glaſs—

" no need is there now to pretend an
" head-ach——

" How you talk !——

" As you feel, Henrietta,——but
" hark !—Mrs. Verman is coming —

* * * * * *

LET-

LETTER. VIII.

" WELL, Henrietta, how does
" your heart?——

" Always the ſame, Madam——

" There is an obſtinacy in your diſ-
" temper which requires an uncom-
" mon medicine—Lord Oſenvor will
" find it, I hope——

" From his hand I'll receive it—I
" anſwer not for the effect.——

 " 'Tis

" 'Tis Lord Oſenvor's buſineſs to
" prepare it ſo, that it may cure——
" yours is to take it——

" However doubtful of his abilities,
" I'll liſten to the phyſician——

" That's enough, Henrietta—I aſk
" no more.—His Lordſhip will be here
" to day or to morrow. This letter
" I have juſt received from him—you
" may read it.

To Mrs. Verman.

Madam,

I have happily, and ſooner than I expected, finiſhed the buſineſs which called

called me here. It would ſeem as if Love in my favour had ſpoke to Fortune, ſo readily did ſome knaves at law forget their diſhoneſty, and make matters eaſy. Had not their Deities come betwixt theſe jugglers and me, many months might I have been kept a victim to their inſatiable avarice.

No other affairs have I now but thoſe of my paſſion for the lovely Henrietta—they are of the greateſt moment, to them only will I attend. Free from the mortal cares which troubled my mind, I'll give way to the feelings of my heart, and think of pleaſing. This ſhall be my ſole ſtudy—but alas! I almoſt deſpair of ſucceeding—though

endowed with an exquiſite ſenſibility, the charming Henrietta is gay and indifferent—never ſeriouſly would ſhe liſten to a declaration of love—ſhe has ſuch a contempt of my ſex, as to diſtruſt, if not to poiſon, the trueſt proofs of the inclination ſhe inſpires. She believes we are all falſe and immoral—that our language is rather the diſgrace than the praiſe of beauty—who can flatter himſelf to alter her opinion—the man ſhe ſhall love may—who elſe, without her partiality, will not ſigh, talk, hope in vain?

Was friendſhip the ſole ſentiment I indulged, from my memory of her behaviour to me, I could think ſhe favours

vours me with hers—though delighted at her diſtinction of me, it is not love, and this only will ſatisfy my heart.—

Her looks—the preference ſhe gave, told me I had no rivals—perhaps, had I durſt to preſume, would I have thought ſhe really eſteemed me—a compliment the more flattering that it appeared to be the reſultal of her reflection—that ſhe was extremely cautious not to miſtake in her judgment.—She eſteemed me—yet, when I ſpoke of love, I was immediately loſt in the crowd of her admirers—then would ſhe, either anſwer my paſſion with wit, or with a ſevere look condemn it to ſilence.—What a

 contradiction!

contradiction! could I alternately deſerve, and be unworthy of her eſteem?—She loved me not, Madam, this is the key to her conduct—Henrietta ever acted agreeably to reaſon—her delicacy I applaud—ſweet girl! would I could melt her ſoul with tenderneſs!—fortune has given me all that a mortal can wiſh for, but if ſhe does not crown her favours with this bliſs, they are of no value—of no avail to my happineſs—I ſhall be miſerable in the midſt of riches and grandeur—nay below the envy of the poor who can boaſt a woman's love. No true delights are there in life but thoſe of mutual deſire—but thoſe we procure and partake of—the other, not the

the heart, but the imagination enjoys.—

Upon the promiſes you made me, Madam, when I left London, I totally depend, but before I claim them, teach me how to pleaſe—how to deſerve your daughter—her character you have formed—you muſt know your own work—has her ſoul no generous foible which a lover can turn to his advantage?—Miſs Verman never could, without being unhappy, hear of an other's diſtreſs—often did a tear betray her emotions—will not her pity of my ſufferings affect her ſtill more?—that pity—I have, Madam, ſeen ſeveral inſtances of it—pity has

has many times dwindled into love— this thought has revived my hopes— I'll order my chaiſe and fly to London.

I am,

Madam, &c.

OSENVOR.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

TWICE I had offered back to my mother Lord Oſenvor's letter, and twice had ſhe refuſed it with "no par-" tiality, Henrietta, no partiality: keep " your word."

I read, and with as great a compoſure as I could naturally aſſume, returned it to her.

She laid her finger upon my heart.

" How does it beat now?

" I feel

" I feel yet no difference Madam.
" That letter has only confirmed what
" I knew before, Lord Oſenvor's me-
" rit, love and delicacy.—Would he
" were happy!—

" Is not this a concern?—

" Of gratitude only—that concern I
" cannot deny him.—

" Well—if this concern ſo tenderly
" expreſſed, he cannot change into
" love, either you are not to be cured,
" or he ſhall have but himſelf to charge
" with the loſs of your hand—Come,
" Henrietta, diſſemble not—thy heart
" is big—thy eyes are crouded with
" tears—

" tears—vent thy grief by throwing it
" off on thy mother's boſom—

" Indeed, Madam, I have no grief
" to eaſe—

" Henrietta! — that tear — does it
" mean nothing?—

And with a kiſs ſhe ſwept that tear away.

I had not, Suſannah, felt that tear trickling down my cheek. — I ſighed, and turned my face from my mother.

" Be not aſhamed of that tear— it is
" an honour to your heart — ſuch a
" ſenſi-

" ſenſibility is virtue itſelf—in its fa-
" vour I almoſt forget your love is for
" Romney—your pity for Oſenvor—
" true generoſity has a great power over
" me Henrietta,—deprive thee not of
" the pleaſure of ſhedding a tear—it is
" the tribute of a noble ſoul to an un-
" happy man of merit.—

" I'll own it—his letter has affected
" me—it is a torment to ſee miſerable
" the man we eſteem.—Could he be
" contented with my friendſhip, no
" woman could be happier than I.—

" Judge of his feelings by your own,
" Henrietta—

" He

" He may have a greater command
" of himſelf—I am but a woman—

" Like yours his paſſions are inflexi-
" ble—like yours his reaſon is weak—
" no ſuperiority has he to boaſt—we
" all are the children of the ſame na-
" ture—

" Is there no degrees in ſenſibility?
" do we all feel alike?—

" We do not. When our hearts are
" really inflamed, our affections are vio-
" lent—laſting—and the ſame in both
" ſexes—when they proceed from fancy
" they partake of its nature, either
" ardent or weak—but they all in ge-
" neral

" neral end like a quick fire which is
" ſoon deſtroyed by its own activity.
" There are whims, taſtes, caprices,
" and a hundred more inſignificant in-
" clinations which in their novelty have
" ſometimes the appearance of the paſ-
" ſions, but paſſions they are not—

" May not Lord Oſenvor lay under
" a miſtake?—

" It is poſſible Henrietta—But why
" ſhould not you be deceived your-
" ſelf?—

" Our caſe is different—

" How is that?

" We

" We ſeldom love when we have no
" hopes to move and engage the object
" we are ſmitten with—ſuch hopes ne-
" ver Lord Oſenvor could entertain—
" my indifference was too evident—his
" reaſon could not conceal it from him
" —But, Mr. Romney's looks told me I
" might love—I had an incentive—his
" Lordſhip had none.—

" Paſſion argues not thus Henrietta:
" It has no need of encouragement—
" when the heart is affected, the head
" adviſes not—could they liſten to wiſ-
" dom, ſhould mankind be ſo often
" under the ſway of folly? Such as la-
" bour under an imaginary diſtemper
" may reaſon themſelves into health,
" but

" but the ſick—thoſe who are really
" ſick — on my word, dear girl, I
" wiſh Lord Oſenvor was among the
" former—

" That wiſh preſages my happineſs—
" from my mother's lips I have heard
" it—

" Moderate thy joy, Henrietta; thou
" mayeſt not be among the ſick—time
" will diſcover which of us is right;
" till then let me doubt, ſince I leave
" thee at liberty to think and feel at
" thy pleaſure.—Whether really in love
" or unknowingly indifferent forget not
" to conſult thy glaſs for the dreſs which
" becomes thee, the beſt. I will have you

" under

" under arms againſt Lord Oſenvor's
" arrival, Henrietta; you muſt appear
" with all the ſeductions of art and
" beauty—not leave behind any charm
" that may captivate—you muſt ſtrike
" both his heart and his fancy—the
" leaſt neglect I'll look upon as an at-
" tempt to diſpleaſe—as an effect of
" your prepoſſeſſion for Romney, and
" a violation of the agreement between
" us.—

" Would not this be a very ungene-
" rous proceeding, Madam? Why
" ſhould I inflame the man I love
" not?—

" You may love him—you know
" not what changes the deſire of pleaſ-
" ing makes in a heart—

" Did

" Did not you bid me to be impar-
" tial?—

" I did—

" When you expect ſuch wondrous
" effects from the deſire of pleaſing
" can you command I ſhould make uſe
" of it?—

" That deſire, Henrietta, will be
" the counterpoiſe of your taſte for
" Romney. By behaving thus, you
" ſhall keep him and Lord Oſenvor in
" a juſt ballance.—

" You would not have me play the
" coquet?—

" As far as modeſty allows—no far-
" ther Henrietta.—

" As

" As far as modeſty allows! did ever
" modeſty allow to be falſe?—

" How came you, Henrietta, " to
" act the reverſe of what you thought,"
" when you firſt ſaw Mr. Romney? At
" that time was you not falſe? did not
" you uſe the arms of coquetry?—
" Have you forgot the city-fop?—

" It was then an innocent weapon.
" I employed it, not to hurt, but to
" ſtrengthen the paſſion of the man I
" thought I loved—to ſecure our mu-
" tual happineſs.—

" You are grown of late, Henrietta,
" immenſely refined in your notions—
" however

" however I beg you would inſtantly
" compliment me with their diſmiſſion,
" and behave as a woman of ſenſe—if
" you do, rely on my favour, if—

My mother ſmothered the threatening, but I gueſſed it in the accent of her voice.

" I have a few letters to write, re-
" ſumed ſhe more calmly,—get ready
" againſt three, we dine at the Counteſs
" Meyers.—

LETTER

LETTER X.

AFTER ſome obſervations on my mother's behaviour, which my reſpect for her did not permit me to ſcrutinize, I rang for Mrs. Moulton.

" I want your opinion, dear Madam,
" give it to me with ſincerity—flatter
" not—in me, ſee not your Henrietta,
" but a ſtranger, who, conſcious of
" your wiſdom, begs earneſtly to be
" enlightened upon the ſituation of
" her heart.

" Speak—I'll be true.——

" My mother's incredulity—I dare
" not call it obſtinacy, or want of ten-
" derneſs—makes me ſometimes miſ-
" truſt my own ſenſations—ſhe is ſo
" poſitive that I love not—that Lord
" Oſenvor will invade in my heart the
" room which Romney occupies there,
" that ſhe amazes my mind, and forces
" a doubt upon me—ſpite of myſelf,
" I heſitate between her aſſertion and
" my feelings.—Is it in her art or rea-
" ſon? Does ſhe think as confidently
" as ſhe talks?—Am I really inſenſi-
" ble, though with all the ſymptoms
" of paſſion about me? From what
" you have ſeen and heard, you have
" certainly formed your judgment.—
" What am I?

Mrs.

Mrs. Moulton could not help laughing at the grave looks I had put on.

" How odd that queſtion, Henrietta?
" Are you in earneſt?

" Indeed I am——

And I ſighed.

" Does not that ſigh convince you
" that you love?—

" It may have another cauſe — an-
" ſwer me plainly.——

" Are you ſure that you live?——

" Do you take me for a mad girl?—

" As well might you, Henrietta,
" doubt your exiſtence, than to doubt
" of your love—the latter is as much
" proved as the former.——

" If it be ſo, why does my mother
" continue an unbeliever?—can ſhe
" flatter herſelf to reaſon me into in-
" difference?—Were the paſſions like
" opinions, ſhe might hope to ſeduce
" me by the ſuperiority of her wit—
" her eloquence could make me a con-
" vert—paſſion is not ſo eaſily over-
" come — although I am ſo fond of
" pleaſing her, ſhe has not yet been
" able to perſuade me—only a few
" doubts,

" doubts, which ſpring rather from
" my tenderneſs to her, than a real un-
" certainty have perplexed my mind—

" Send the impertinent intruders
" away, Henrietta—believe your own
" heart; it cannot deceive you——

" How cruel to teaze me thus un-
" mercifully—to teaze me to no pur-
" poſe!—for Romney ſhall be the
" man.——What a contraſt in Mrs.
" Verman's late conduct towards me!
" As her ſeverity made againſt her,
" ſhe grew complaiſant, tender—How
" artfully in our laſt converſation ſhe
" encouraged my pity for Lord Oſen-
" vor! ſhe increaſed it by her inſidi-

" ous language—by the ſtill more in-
" ſidious ſhare ſhe affected to take in
" my concern for him—the tear I ſhed
" was her work—ſhe laughed, I dare
" ſay, inwardly, at the foible ſhe had
" created in my breaſt—though it was
" there before, it lay ſilent—ſhe gave
" it life, and diſſolved it into that
" tear—Lord Oſenvor needed not her
" help to move me in his favour——
" I have a true ſenſe of what he will
" ſuffer, and my ſoul unfeignedly par-
" takes of it—I am unhappy to have
" inſpired him with a paſſion I cannot
" return——

" When he ſees he cannot pleaſe,
" he will ceaſe to love—a few months
" abſence

" abſence will compleat his cure—we
" do not deſire long what it is not
" in our power to obtain — truſt to
" time and your indifference: they
" will give him back the liberty he has
" loſt. Were he ſo deſperately ena-
" moured as to brave their united ef-
" forts, well then——

What then, Mrs. Moulton?——

She ſmiled.

" He may take a leap from the top
" of his caſtle——what a celebrity it
" would give to your charms!——

" Can you banter when I am ſo
" vexed? What is become of thoſe
" feelings I always admired in you?—

" I do not laviſh them upon ima-
" ginary diſtreſſes——

" Are there any greater than to
" love in vain! How miſerable I
" ſhould be, was Mr. Romney inſen-
" ſible!——

" I am ſorry, for your ſake, it is
" not faſhionable to have two huſ-
" bands; that would at once eaſe you
" of all your anxieties—you could take
" Mr. Romney for love, and his Lord-
" ſhip out of pity——

" Ri-

" Ridiculous !——

" Forgive the word, dear Henriet-
" ta ; ſtill more ridiculous is it to tor-
" ment yourſelf, as you do, when you
" ſhould enjoy your own happineſs.
" You alone of your ſex can be grave
" upon ſo trifling a ſubject. Had you
" twenty Lord Oſenvors in your train,
" you ſhould leave them all to their
" fate—you can love but one man—
" the reſt, if their paſſion is real,
" may honour your wedding day by
" piſtoling themſelves before your win-
" dow—Be not frightened : they will
" not do you that favour — for what
" I know, Lord Oſenvor may the

" next day pay the uſual compliments,
" and wiſh you joy.——Come, dear
" Henrietta, clear that brow, and let
" us talk of your lover.——

LETTER

LETTER XI.

THERE was ſo much reaſon in Mrs. Moulton's humour, that I began to think it abſurd to feel ſo warmly for the man I did not love.

" How ſhall I behave with him, Mrs.
" Moulton?——

" With your wonted generoſity,
" Henrietta. Of your inſenſibility men
" cannot complain—you are not obli-
" ged to love, but to be juſt.——

" My

" My mother bids me to receive
" him as a lover—to exert all my pow-
" ers of pleaſing——

" And by this means to add to his
" wretchedneſs, and drive him to de-
" ſpair—that order is inhuman—vir-
" tue, not your mother, you muſt
" obey.—By following the dictates of
" the former, you free your heart from
" remorſe—a mother forfeits all her
" rights, when ſhe commands what it
" is a diſgrace for her daughter to per-
" form—— Mr. Romney's attachment
" takes from you the neceſſity of be-
" ing falſe — not one excuſe does it
" leave you to palliate the debaſement
" of your character—if you have any

" reſpect

" reſpect for yourſelf, any eſteem for
" Lord Oſenvor, be true—though you
" ſhould raiſe your mother's anger,
" you cannot be unhappy with the
" conviction of having acted agreeably
" to virtue——

" Theſe are the thoughts I ever in-
" dulged, Mrs. Moulton, but will
" Lord Oſenvor believe me?—

" It is not natural he ſhould—what
" is his incredulity to you?——

" A ſpring of new vexations it ſhall
" be—he—my mother—both will con-
" ſpire againſt me—I ſhall be loaded
" with troubles——

" Would

" Would not you deſpiſe the man
" who would thus repay your genero-
" ſity? I know your ſpirits, Hen-
" rietta, they never will bear tamely
" with an undeſerved perſecution—the
" troubles you fear ſhall not affect
" you—your ſoul ſhall be entirely in-
" ſenſible of them. Remember you
" are an Engliſh woman, and not a
" ſlave—remember, that at your plea-
" ſure you may be happy, and pre-
" ſerve the eſteem of the world.—let
" Lord Oſenvor ſigh, talk of love,
" and rave himſelf into madneſs——
" let your mother threaten—your firm-
" neſs will at laſt remove the former
" and ſoften the latter—if not, take
" counſel of your heart, and beſtow
" your hand on Mr. Romney——

" His

" His Lordſhip may come every
" minute — 'tis time my irreſolution
" ſhould have an end—every thing is
" weighed—I am fixed—be the con-
" ſequence what it will, your advice
" I'll follow.——

LETTER

LETTER XII.

YOU wonder not, Suſannah, at the perpetual wavering of my mind—its ſeeming contradictions, your reaſon eaſily reconciles — irreſiſtible are the ebb and flow of the ſenſations carried from the heart to the head—in vain would we indulge this or that — we have no choice to make—an unexpected paſſion will intrude, and hurry us away from the thought we cheriſhed. Thus, by the power of concurring circumſtances, we have in the ſame hour two ſouls the reverſe of each other.

The

The paſt made me apprehend for the future: however determined I was to execute the plan I had formed, ſhould it not have the fate of the former? My miſtakes had ſo cloſely followed one another, that three times I put that queſtion to my reaſon—— and as often did it anſwer a negative. Near two hours I employed to ſettle that point, and as I had attentively conſidered it under every ſhape, I was over-joyed at the victory I got.

" Now, exclaimed I, am I pre-
" pared to meet every obſtacle with
" courage, and to act after my own
" heart—no longer ſhall I be blinded
" either by pity or filial love, and ſub-
" mit

" mit to the diſcretionary authority of
" a mother, who would readily ſacri-
" fice my happineſs to her ambi-
" tion.—— Diſſimulation I will not
" make uſe of—I'll pride in my feel-
" ings, and Lord Oſenvor ſhall be ac-
" quainted with them.—If, far from
" reſpecting my paſſion, he has the
" baſeneſs of availing himſelf of my
" mother's conſent, then, as he ſhall
" be unworthy of me, contempt ſhall
" be my revenge.——

This reflection animated my reſiſt-ance, and cleared my mind of the in-tollerable pain of uncertainty. I walk-ed in my room with a lighter ſtep—

my

my breath was more free, it ſeemed as if it ſprung from pleaſure—and not with coquettry, but decency, I adviſed for my dreſs.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

WHEN my watch told three o'clock, I went down to my mother's. My air was eaſy, and in my eyes content prevailed.

" I do not like that gown, Miſs ; it
" is more rich than elegant—it thick-
" ens your ſhape — not theſe two
" months have you worn it — how
" came you to fancy it to-day ?—

" I thought the colour modeſt, there-
" fore very becoming——

" Strange

" Strange conceit !——I wiſh you
" would ſpeak your own language—
" this is a borrowed one——

" From my mother I did not ex-
" pect that reproof——

" You did not expect that reproof—

And ſhe ridiculouſly mimicked the tone of my voice.——

" That tippet—good god ! why do
" not you put on a ſattin handker-
" chief—it would not have been more
" inconſiſtent with your dreſs and the
" heat of the day—I believe the girl is
" mad—pray, take it off—

" Would

" Would you have me be without
" one ?——

" Why not ? is it not the faſhion ?—
" would it alarm your virtue ?—

" It would indeed, Madam—

" That virtue muſt not be very ſe-
" vere, which a nothing could ſo eaſily
" endanger——

I made a low courteſy, and ſtepped to the door. She aroſe with paſſion, and ſtopping me by the arm——

" Where are you going ? ——

" Into my room, till you deign to
" talk to your daughter——

How

How ſhe coloured, Suſannah!——

" Is this, Miſs, an anſwer to a mo-
" ther?——

I kept ſilent.

" Bold girl!

And ſhe returned to her chair.

I made a motion to open the door.—

" Stay.——

I obeyed.

" Whence your unuſual pertneſs,
" miſs?—Is Mr. Romney your maſ-
" ter!—

" From you I learned it—

This I did not ſay, Suſannah: I ſmothered it on my lips.

" Lord! What a change that ſtupid
" paſſion has made in your looks and
" ſpeech! I ſhould not wonder to ſee
" you ſoon a *Methodiſt*—you will cut a
" moſt venerable figure among the *Bre-*
" *thren*—ah—ah—ah!—fy, Henrietta,
" fy! are not you aſhamed of the im-
" pertinent form you appear under?—
" What is become of that pride which
" at all times preſided at your toilet,
" and made you diſplay every charm?
" You did not then bluſh at a man's
" wanton eye—that eye, you enjoyed
" with complacency, and always took
" it for a praiſe—

" Then,

" Then, Madam, dreſſing not my-
" ſelf to pleaſe a particular object, I
" conformed to faſhion, though, inward-
" ly, I thought it wrong.—

" And ſo, Henrietta, the eager looks
" of an hundred men offended your mo-
" deſty leſs than would have done thoſe
" of the only one you would have been
" deſirous to pleaſe?—this is refined in-
" deed!——

" I was hardly ſenſible of a coquetry
" which no man could boaſt to have
" cauſed — my heart then innocent,
" would now be guilty—I will not
" make uſe of an art which my virtue
" diſapproves.—

" Is not Mr. Romney, rather than
" virtue, the cauſe of ſo ſudden a reform
" in your manners?—

" Both have determind me, Madam;
" ſince I love Mr. Romney, virtue for-
" bids me to pleaſe another man.—

" That Romney you never ſhall
" marry—

" Lord Oſenvor ſhall never be my
" huſband.—

No longer could Mrs. Verman contain her fury: ſhe vented it in the moſt contemptible expreſſions. She forgot abſolutely the mother, to ſhew me the tyrant.

" Too

" Too long have I, ſaid ſhe with an-
" ger, too long have I indulged your
" obſtinacy, and diſguiſed my real ſen-
" timents, in hopes you would ſee, and
" abjure your error. Till now I have
" employed only the language of per-
" ſuaſion—I wanted to convince and
" not to command—ſince reaſon and
" my tenderneſs have no power over
" your conceited heart — ſince you are
" dead to the feelings of a daughter,
" and glory in your contempt of me,
" I'll bid—and ſhall be obeyed.—I'll
" preſent Lord Oſenvor to you—I will
" watch your looks and your motions—
" if they do not anſwer my expectations,
" for ever I renounce you—my fortune
" ſhall be my niece's—from this houſe

" you ſhall immediately depart—then,
" proud girl, offer a beggar to the arms
" of Romney—receive thy bread from
" his pity—debaſe thy ſoul by making
" it dependant of a man's generoſity.—

And ſhe flung herſelf in her cloſet.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

MRS. Verman's threatenings, Susannah, had upon my heart an effect she did not expect. They hardened it against her, and confirmed my resolutions.

" Since upon conditions only I have
" a mother, why should I in her favour
" make the sacrifice of myself?—When
" she scorns her duty, and can think
" with indifference on exposing me to
" misery, is not the tie which bound
" us, her to love, and me to obey ef-
" fectually broken?—'tis lucky I had

" that tippet: It has helped me to an
" opportunity I could have long ſearch-
" ed for and not met with—at an other
" time I might not have had the ſame
" courage—and this, my love for Rom-
" ney, and the ſhame of recanting will
" make unalterable.—

I had juſt finiſhed this internal ſoliloquy when a ſervant came to let us know that the coach was at the door. I pointed to him the cloſet: thither he went.

" I have changed my mind, ex-
" claimed my mother, I will not go
" out.—Tell Henrietta to retire to her
" room.—

With

With pleaſure I heard that order. At that inſtant a loud rap exciting my curioſity, I ſtepped to the window.—Lord Oſenvor! I flew, but before I reached the ſtair-caſe I met him on the top.

" Charming Henrietta—

And he would have kiſſed my hand, had not I prevented him with an air of dignity and a ſevere look.

" Pray my Lord—

" Heavens! What do I ſee?

And he drew back wondering at the coolneſs of my behaviour.

" My mother, my Lord, is in her " apartment.—

I courteſied, and to my own I went.

LETTER XIV.

" NO more am I the timorous wo-
" man you thought me to be,
" Mrs. Moulton: I have behaved with
" the intrepidity of a hero.

And I told her my ſcenes with Mrs. Verman and his Lordſhip.

" Fortune has befriended you, Hen-
" rietta; make yourſelf worthy of her
" favour, by exerting all your reaſon in
" ſupport of ſo happy a beginning—it
" is of no ſervice if you relent.—The
" moſt

" moſt difficult of your part is over:
" the reſt is eaſy to perform.——

" I'll play it well—I have ſpirit
" enough to face either of them—my
" happineſs is at ſtake—that induce-
" ment makes my ſucceſs infallible.—
" Fear not, Mrs. Moulton; far from
" decaying, my reſolution will daily
" gather a new ſtrength.—Since in the
" two laſt encounters I got the victory
" over myſelf; ſince I could bravely
" act and ſpeak, my heart is invincible,
" and my mind unchangeable!——

" Let me embrace you, Henrietta;
" in thoſe noble ſentiments, I know you
" again—Now, you talk and feel as
" yourſelf—

" Don't you think they are at this
" inſtant ploting againſt me?—Lord
" Oſenvor has certainly told her the re-
" ception I gave him—how can ſhe
" take it?——

" It is not eaſy to gueſs—the ſitua-
" tion is extremely puzzling.—I dare
" ſay Mrs. Verman will gild that re-
" ception ſo as to make it a matter of
" indifference—and that he has already
" forgot it.—You may be ſure ſhe has
" not made him a confidant of your paſ-
" ſion for Mr. Romney——

" Fearful I ſhould declare it myſelf,
" ſhe may be before-hand and give it
" as a fooliſh prepoſſeſſion which will
" neceſſarily

" neceſſarily vaniſh with the abſence of
" the man who cauſed it.—That ſecret
" diſcloſed by me might diſcourage him;
" coming from her with the palliatings
" of wit and humour, it loſes its poiſon
" and becomes a mere trifle.——

" She is too well acquainted with the
" character of a true lover to have ven-
" tured that diſcovery: however elo-
" quent and artful Mrs Verman, I doubt
" ſhe could lull his fears aſleep. A lover,
" Henrietta, is a being of a peculiar
" ſpecies which knows no laws but his
" paſſion: had he no reason to be un-
" happy, he would immediately create
" twenty for thinking himſelf ſo——

" Perſuaſion

" Perſuaſion is on my mother's lips,
" Mrs. Moulton — and a lover cre-
" dits eaſily what he has intereſt to be-
" lieve——

" The apprehenſion it is not, is ever
" the uppermoſt in his heart — but I
" muſt own it, wit has great power—
" beſides, paſſion has ſo contradictory
" ſhades—ſhe may have ſpoke — he
" may have believed.——

A ſervant came. " The dinner was
" upon table; they waited but for
" me."—I had a mind to pretend an
head-ake——

" They will think I fear—that I am
" ſtill wavering—

" This

This reflection decided me.

" They will ſee, Mrs. Moulton, that
" I am ſteady.——

" If you come back conqueror, you
" may afterwards deſpiſe your enemy.—

LET-

LETTER XV.

MRS. Verman behaved with the pliantneſs of a politician who at the call of ſelf intereſt adopts naturally a new voice and new manners. Though ſhe did not treat me with her uſual familiarity, ſhe aſſumed enough not to let his Lordſhip ſuſpect a miſunderſtanding between us. As to him, he was at firſt ſad, uncertain what looks he ſhould put on, what language he ſhould ſpeak, but miſtaking the gaiety I affected for a deſire of pleaſing, he grew chearful and very entertaining. A myſterious eye I

ſurprized

ſurprized him caſting upon my mother convinced me he knew my inclination, and the ſmile which ſucceeded it, his belief it was only an inſignificant whim.

" You will not find it ſo, my Lord.—

This anſwer I did not make, but wrote it legibly in my countenance.

Leſt, from what I appeared to be, he ſhould lay a claim to my heart and the liberty of complimenting me with his, I ſunk gradually into a reſerve which flattered him not, either with an opportunity, or the hope of ſucceſs. I governed my ſpirits with ſuch a dexterity ſo long as the ſervants ſtayed, as to make

make their fall extremely natural when they were gone.

I could have ſpared myſelf the trouble of that gradation, for we were not five minutes alone before they were, ſeemingly, as dejected and ſtupid as myſelf.

How to open the converſation upon the topic they had at heart they knew not. He begged by his looks ſhe would begin, and her wink expreſſed—take courage my Lord. For ſhame! and you are a man?"——

After what had paſt before dinner my mother feared to venture the firſt word, leſt her pride ſhould be humbled, and

and her authority over me put in queſtion.

After a few ſuch ſigns of encouragement Lord Oſenvor opened his lips—but there his reſolution died away.

It entered my head to tell him his thoughts and my own—my reſpect for Mrs. Verman oppoſed the fancy. I remained ſilent.

" My preſence may intimidate him—
" he will talk if I go——

This notion I eaſily gueſſed in my mother's ſudden ſtart from her chair, and careleſs departure from the room.

* * * * * *

" Now

" Now am I going to be plagued,
" ſaid I to myſelf—ſince it muſt be ſo
" it ſhall be however with pleaſure—
" I'll banter, lay Romney aſide, and
" defend myſelf with wit.——

Lord Oſenvor's confuſion continuing to diſable his tongue——

" Why, ſurely I may not hear of
" love if I chuſe—let me find a ſubject
" and keep it up—why ſhould not love
" itſelf be the ſubject."

This idea for its boldneſs pleaſed my reaſon—I conſidered it——

" It is the beſt I could think of—

His

His Lordſhip's more animated eyes announcing the end of his baſhfulneſs, that ſoon he would dare to talk, I got up, and after a turn or two in the room——

" I hope you are not ſick, my " Lord—

" Sick! not I, Madam—

" Then, you are in love; for I know " no other cauſe which could make a " man of your vivacity ſo penſive— " I doubt not but the object of it is " worthy ſo uncommon a reverie— " my pride makes me think ſo, elſe it " would be offended at your ſilence—

" I love,

" I love, charming Henrietta, I love,
" it is true—ſince you underſtood me
" ſo well, cannot you gueſs the wo-
" man ?

" Well, I am amazed that the gal-
" lant Lord Oſenvor has not already
" told me I am that woman—I ex-
" cuſe you, my Lord—when men feel
" a real paſſion, they muſt neceſſarily
" loſe their falſe civility—you was not
" ſo diſcreet formerly—had I had then
" the imprudence to believe you, how
" miſerable this minute I ſhould be !
" —but ſatisfy my curioſity — tell me
" the woman—I will not betray you—

" Oh ! Henrietta, can you miſtake
" another for yourſelf ?——

" Had

" Had you ſaid this at firſt, it would
" have been very much a-propos, but
" now it is unſeaſonable—how could
" I be pleaſed with a compliment I have
" forced from you ?—come, forget the
" courtier for the man of honour—
" uſe me as a friend ; I hate a flat-
" terer——

" On my honour, I ſwear that I——

" Stop, my Lord—I am determined
" never to believe the oath of any
" man whatever——

" What a contempt of mankind !—

" It is a juſt one—you yourſelf, my
" Lord, helped me to that reſolu-
" tion——

" I !—

" I!—heavens! how could I?——

" By talking to me of love, and not
" feeling it. Remember the daily de-
" clarations you made me during ſe-
" veral months—reconcile them, if you
" can, with the coldneſs and levity of
" your carriage—every word was be-
" lyed by your looks—at every viſit
" you was guilty of the ſame falſhood
" —the odious contraſt at every viſit
" offended my delicacy—ſince at that
" time you could ſport with my judg-
" ment and your honour—but it mat-
" ters not—you acted like the man of
" the world, and I knew his charac-
" ter—I laughed at your pretended
" paſſion—and eſteemed you for your
" virtues——

" You

" You loved not, Henrietta, hence
" your error — you could not be the
" judge of my looks and feelings—
" had you been intereſted to believe
" them ſincere, you would not have
" thus miſconſtrued them—they were
" the genuine effects of my love for
" you——

" Go on, my Lord —— Love is a
" charming topic—like flattery it does
" pleaſe the ear——you ſhould have,
" however, thanked me for having
" rouſed you from your lethargy—

" To hear you talk in this manner
" is ſtill worſe——

" Do

" Do you intend this for a rehearſal
" of the part you are to perform be-
" fore your miſtreſs? or do you act
" only to kill the minutes of a tedious
" *têtê à têtê?*——

Although the tone of my voice was not ſo expreſſive as my words, his Lordſhip ſaw an inſult in the jeſt. Indignation forced a colouring on his cheek.

" My Lord, ſaid I to myſelf, has
" more pride than love—he will out-
" live his diſappointment—

An involuntary laughter accompanied the reflection I made.

" Am

" Am I ſo contemptible in your eye
" as not to be believed ?—

Indeed, Suſannah, from the indignation he could not ſuppreſs, I did not expect ſo moderate a queſtion.

" Except upon matters of gallantry,
" my Lord, I ſhall never miſtruſt your
" veracity.—

" What could induce me to ſay what
" I did not feel ?—

" The want of diverſion. Cards,
" plays, Ranelagh, leave ſometime a
" vacuity in your heart, which is al-
" ways agreeably filled by a converſa-
" tion with a young woman—you talk

" of love for the ſame reaſon that we
" women chatter about ſilks, ribbons,
" and hair-dreſs.—The days muſt ſlip
" away, no matter how—

" If you do not ſee a lover in his re-
" ſpect and paſſion, at what ſigns can
" you know him ?——

" So well counterfeited, my Lord,
" are now reſpect and paſſion, that
" hardly is there knowing the true
" from the falſe——

" Yet—you have—

He pauſed, Now for Romney, thought I. I was deceived. His Lordſhip

Lordſhip was too proud to do his rival the honour of mentioning his name.

" Does not, dear Henrietta, my cha-
" racter warrant my ſincerity ?—

" What has your character to do
" with the tittle-tattle you indulge ?—
" as well might you give it as a proof
" you ride, dance or ſing well—tell
" me of a young, ſprightly man of
" faſhion, who does not glory in cheat-
" ing a girl of her diſcretion—who
" will not proſtitute the moſt ſolemn
" oath in ſupport of the moſt ſignifi-
" cant opinion ?—an oath is no bet-
" ter argument than a bet—

" And you confound me with theſe
" men, Henrietta! — am I ſo low in
" your eſteem?——

" Indeed, my Lord, I eſteem, ſin-
" cerely eſteem you—but why ſhould
" I think you free from the foibles in-
" herent to your education? — Are
" they not looked upon as a preroga-
" tive of your rank?—Men are tena-
" cious of their rights—eſpecially when
" they favour their paſſions.——

" I'll ſay but one word—it will con-
" vince you—let us call your mother
" and a clergyman—this minute I am
" your huſband.——

And he fell at my feet.

" On

" On my word, my Lord, you have
" excelled in this ſcene — you have
" brought it to a perfection Garrick
" only can boaſt—you have his looks,
" his motions, and his fall—I admire
" you—but now that the farce is over,
" let us play a more rational comedy,
" I'll join with you in any part that
" diſcretion and modeſty will ſuffer me
" to perform ——

" Inſults upon inſults!—is this the
" language of Henrietta to the man
" who doats upon her —

And he claſped my knees with both his hands.

" If you will not ariſe, my Lord,
" and be yourſelf again, I'll leave the
" room——

" You will——

And he looked wildly at me. His countenance frightened me. I puſhed my chair back with violence, and leaping to the chimney rang the bell.

" Do you fear me, Miſs?——

I did not anſwer. My mother entered the room.

" What's the matter? you rang as
" for an alarm——

My

" My Lord will explain it to you,
" Madam——

" Curſed love!——

This was Lord Oſenvor's.

I left them together.

LETTER XVI.

DID not I, Suſannah, come off handſomely from that unpleaſing interview?—I muſt own it—Lord Oſenvor gave me a ſuperiority which I might not have boaſted, had he been tender and paſſionate; but his flights from love to indignation kept my ſpirits to their height—in the ſame circumſtance, Romney would have affected my ſoul—his pride would have been ſilent in a ſcene conſecrated to love.

A nobleman has a natural haughtineſs impatient of reſiſtance—uncontrouled

trouled in his deſires, the provoking facility he has of ſatisfying them makes him a child, from the man he was, when he meets with an unexpected oppoſition. With other men, the reigning paſſion commands, with him it is ſubſervient to twenty, whoſe fooliſh delicacy a nothing will alarm and irritate.

" He loves himſelf more than me—
" therefore he will be ungenerous—

This concluſion, like me, Suſannah, you would have drawn. I prepared myſelf againſt the hurricane I foreſaw I ſhould be expoſed to; and the following letter from Lady Bennet con-

firmed my hopes I ſhould not ſuffer by it.

* * * * * * * *

To Miſs Henrietta Verman.

Dear Henrietta,

MY nephew has told me his happineſs; he feels it as he ought: no greater can fall to the ſhare of a man. Thanks from me, you do not expect, they would not repay your favours. I have but that nephew — you only, I wiſhed for my niece—the day, when your hands are united, I'll think the moſt fortunate of my life.—From my knowledge of your mother's character

I am

I am certain you muſt not rely on her fortune — it is loſt to you — this aſſurance increaſes our joy, as you ſhall be fully convinced of Romney's diſintereſted love, and my real affection for you. Make not yourſelf uneaſy thro' a falſe delicacy: it would be an inſult upon us—your tenderneſs, and not gratitude, we want.

Lord Oſenvor, Mrs. Verman thought of for your huſband — however dangerous ſuch a rival, I forgave not my nephew his fears. After you had ſaid, "I love you, Romney," he could no more doubt your conſtancy than your inclination.

"Theſe

" Theſe words from her lips, have
" I told him, were a ſecurity it was a
" profaneneſs to queſtion."—

He caſt his eyes down, was aſhamed of himſelf, and ſighed—

" Never will I be guilty again.—

In Romney, dear Henrietta, you will find real probity, and a ſincere love for the duties preſcribed by religion and law. Though with four thouſand a year of his own, and the abſolute command of my purſe, not once yet has he deſerved the cenſure of men—not once ſlandered virtue, and patronized vice. He partakes of all faſhionable

able diverſions—as a man, and not with the enthuſiaſm of a diſſolute youth. His judgment he formed by travelling, not like our great men, either drunk, or aſleep, or careleſs of inſtruction, but ſtudying with attention and impartiality the genius and manners of the nations he viſited.—— Did I know, dear Henrietta, a fault in his character, which could cauſe one hour of trouble in your whole life, I ſhould think it incumbent upon me to warn you of it—his happineſs I would diſregard, to ſave you from ſorrow.—But I diſcover none capable of affecting your peace, and ſtopping the courſe of your felicity—on my word, I know none.——

If Lord Oſenvor's aſſiduity is troubleſome, think of the remedy.—Our arms are open to you. My dear lovely Henrietta, Adieu,

M. BENNET.

P. S. I love you—Theſe words only does my cruel aunt permit me to write.

ROMNEY.

LETTER XVII.

" HERE is a ſafe retreat againſt the
" ſtorm, Mrs. Moulton.——

" Would not it be prudent to ſhelter
" into it before it comes?——

" What a coward you are!——

" I ſhould not like to encounter a
" danger I might avoid—there may be
" heroiſm in braving it——

" There is none Mrs. Moulton—'tis
" a falſe glory which the brave diſdain—

" So

" So you are determined—

" To wait till the ſtorm begins—

" To wait till the ſtorm begins! it " will be high time, then indeed, to " think of a refuge—

" I may be in no need of it. Many " incidents may diſſipate it before I am " unable to indure it.—I have told it " you, Lord Oſenvor loves me not—

" You are pleaſed to believe ſo—it is " impoſſible, he muſt love your perſon " —ſuch a ſhape—Henrietta, he loves " you.—

I ſmiled and put my hand on her lips.

" His

" His pride is too quick to ſuffer long
" my indifference—two ſuch other vi-
" ſits, and my ſlave is gone—no longer
" will he grace my train—

" Your gaiety is a delight to me,
" charming Henrietta.—But if out of
" revenge he would continue to court
" and abuſe baſely of your mother's
" approbation—

" That is the ſtorm, Mrs. Moulton,
" I am afraid of.—He has behaved ſo
" as to make me apprehenſive of his
" being indelicate and ungenerous—
" this has been the firſt time he gave
" me one reaſon to repent of my eſteem
" for him—young men of his rank have
" a fierce-

" a fierceneſs in their actions, an im-
" petuoſity in their deſires—my modeſty
" took the alarm and was put to a bluſh
" —had not I aroſe from my chair, I
" ſhould have been forced in his arms
" — " do you fear me Miſs" aſked he?
" —that queſtion made me hate my mo-
" ther who had expoſed me to hear it
" —how bold that man!—ſuch pro-
" ceedings love—may excuſe, but juſ-
" tifies not—

" Such a beginning threatens—

" He has real honour, Mrs. Moul-
" ton, this may ſilence his paſſion—

" 'Tis a perhaps—

" I will

" I will indulge it till future events
" convince me I am wrong.—

" What a heart!—what a treaſure
" for the man you love! happy! thrice
" happy Mr. Romney! ——

" I wiſh I could ſtill add to my feel-
" ings, ſo deſerving I think him of
" them—to pleaſe and be eſteemed by
" the man we marry, muſt be an inex-
" hauſtible ſpring of delights — none
" but theſe I would be ambitious to
" enjoy.—'Tis oftener our fault, Mrs.
" Moulton, than that of an huſband if
" we are not loved and happy.—Each
" ſex hath its virtues—man's opinion,
" ours decency ſways—if we invade
" their

" their privileges we muſt neceſſarily
" ſink into diſgrace and contempt.—

" Reaſon is ſometimes for women,
" Henrietta—

" Virtue is always againſt them—
" reaſon is no apology for foibles which
" virtue condemns—

" I believe his Lordſhip is going—
" I hear the noiſe of a coach—

And ſhe peeped through the window.

" It is he—Mrs. Verman with him!
" there is a conſpiracy—

" If

" If he is my enemy, he will be an
" open and generous one—from him
" I fear no deceit—he will dare what-
" ever he reſolves.—

" I have a mind to ſend after them
" for intelligence——

" Ridiculous! ſtep down till I call—
" I will retire into my own heart and
" ſee what I muſt do.——

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

FROM their going out together what could I infer?—nothing. What elſe are conjectures? No new light did they throw in my mind upon their conduct—No new poignancy did they give to my fear of them.

" I muſt be forced to Lady Bennet's,
" and not leave my mother before ſhe
" herſelf has forſaken me — Romney
" would love me leſs, did I, without
" an evident neceſſity, accept the aſy-
" lum he offers—when a daughter takes
" ſuch

" ſuch a ſtep, ſhe ſhould be certain
" that none againſt her, will or can take
" her mother's part.——

The cenſure of the world, however unjuſt, Suſannah, I always feared—I always thought it a diſgrace not to be eſteemed by all—the ſecret whiſper of ſlander, what virtuous woman can bear? —had I ever fancied myſelf the object of one, I would have died with ſhame, or never durſt to appear again.

* * * * * *

The reſt of the evening I ſhared between love and muſic: Mrs. Moulton and my harpſichord made it unfelt glide away—not one intruding thought on the

the poſſibility of a diſappointment—I talked of Romney, ſung, played, was totally loſt in the ſenſe of my happineſs?

* * * * * *

Do we feel a pleaſure, pain is at hand ready to ſucceed it—without their mixture we ſhould be unhappy. A few days of ſickneſs give every ſenſe a new life: Our deſires are animated with a fire unknown before—nature itſelf appears under a more enchanting form—it ſeems we enjoy our exiſtence but from that day we have recovered. Suſannah, this philoſophy I needed the next day when my courage was ready to ſink under an unforeſeen event.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

IT was hardly five o'clock in the morning when I awoke at the ſudden uncommon noiſe of horſes, carriage and ſervants at the door. "What does "this mean?" I was not long left in ſuſpence. My mother preſented herſelf as I was ſlipping a gown on.

"Dreſs yourſelf immediately, Miſs "—you muſt this minute ſet off for "the country—there you ſhall learn to "be dutiful and obedient—the horrors "of a wilderneſs will ſoon abate your

 "obſtinacy,

" obſtinacy, and cool your fantaſtical
" paſſion—they will help you to the
" true knowledge of yourſelf.—

Her tone of command, added to her ſneers, deſtroyed the terror which her ſpeech had ſtruck me with.

" This method, Madam, will not
" ſucceed——

" I'll try it however.——

" Who has anſwered for my compli-
" ance?——

" My own authority, Miſs——

" As

" As a mother you have—as a ty-
" rant you have none—I am free, not
" a ſlave——

" You have of late, Miſs, immenſely
" improved the practice of your duty—

" Have not you your own to fulfill
" Madam?—is it your duty to make
" your daughter miſerable — to force
" my inclinations when I love a man
" whom, was you a mother, you would
" delight to give me for huſband?—
" —he is not an Earl!—Should this
" be an objection if you loved me?—
" Do not his virtues compenſate for
" the want of a title?—

The truths I ſpoke were too ſenſible not to throw Mrs. Verman into confuſion—ſhe had hardly the ſpirit to affect an air of indignation—My reproofs were keen, but deſerved, and my tongue gave them their own expreſſion. Such a firmneſs ſhe had not thought of.

" Will you give me your word ne-
" ver to marry that man without my
" conſent?——

" It may never be obtained—my
" gratitude for his generoſity forbids
" me to promiſe.——

" And ſo you will marry him?—

" Never

" Never will I an other.——

She walked penſive, irreſolute, and animating herſelf to a bold ſtroke of deſpotiſm.

" The world will never heſitate be-
" tween you and me—my age and ex-
" perience ſecure me the general ap-
" probation for whatever meaſures I
" may adopt to reſtore an infatuated
" daughter to the reaſon ſhe has loſt—
" all will think I act from the conſciouſ-
" neſs I am doing right—your com-
" plaints will not avail you—I am a
" mother—that character mankind re-
" veres—

" When that character is not ſup-
" ported, the reſpect it inſpires dwin-
" dles ſoon—

I durſt not proceed Suſannah.—

" Into contempt.—Is not this the
" word you have ſmothered Miſs?—
" from you this uſage!—what! already
" loſt to decency as well as to filial
" love!—

" Look into your heart, Madam,
" and dare to judge me—if my ex-
" preſſions offend, your ſeverity is the
" cauſe—in your breaſt pride has in-
" vaded the rights of nature—you are
" a woman,

" a woman, and not my mother—'tis
" the former I ſpeak with—

I was too affected—I could ſuppreſs neither ſobbings nor tears.

Shame, art, or a remain of tenderneſs altered in a minute Mrs. Verman's looks and accent. She drew near me and inclining upon the bed——

" Am I to be hated by Henrietta,
" when I ſincerely intend her happi-
" neſs?——

I threw both my arms round her neck.

" Why have not you always theſe
" looks, this accent—they are perſua-
" ſion itſelf—I am loath to miſtruſt
" you when thus you talk—when thus
" you look upon me,—you intend my
" happineſs—yet will miſtake the man
" —the only man who can procure it
" me——

" Was your paſſion, Henrietta, the
" work of time, I would not doubt its
" reality—but, Romney, twice only
" you have ſeen—who can charge my
" incredulity with malice or folly?—

" Am I not the beſt judge of my
" own affections?—believe me—no
" need is there of a tryal—ſpare your
" heart

" heart the ſhare it muſt neceſſarily
" take in my ſufferings—let me no more
" loſe my mother—you feigned an an-
" ger you had not—an indifference you
" would abhor to feel—your diſſimu-
" lation nature has betrayed——

" You might be a Counteſs, Henri-
" etta—have you no ambition?——

" It is centered, dear Madam, in
" Mrs. Romney's name—I know no
" greater ſince none can make me ſo
" happy.——

" I cannot reflect without pain on
" your loſs of a rank you was born, and

" brought up to deſerve and fill with
" dignity—Henrietta, it requires more
" virtue than I have, to bear patiently
" with it—why do not you feel as I
" taught you to think?—I love you—
" but I love myſelf—too cruel is the
" ſacrifice you exact from me—I have
" told you my foible—indulge it with
" a few attempts againſt your inclina-
" tions for Romney—retire into the
" country for a few days—there, for a
" few days ſuffer Lord Oſenvor's aſſi-
" duity—deny him no opportunities to
" pleaſe—clear your mind of any pre-
" judice he may have thoughtleſsly pre-
" poſſeſſed it in his diſfavour—

" Theſe

" Theſe few days will be days of
" vexation and agony — I cannot love
" him—

" If then you do not, no longer will
" I inſiſt upon your obeying me—

" What place have you fixed for my
" exile ?——

" Felton-Lodge in Suſſex, at my
" ſiſter's —

" Will Mrs. Moulton follow me ?—

She pauſed.

" She ſhall, Henrietta.—

* * * * * *

I did

I did not like her heſitation — " Is " ſhe ſtill talking deceit? Is it not " imprudent to go?—a few days only " ſhe aſks—and Mrs. Moulton will be " with me — in her company, what " have I to apprehend?—however vi- " olent the meaſures they intend to " carry, they cannot force a *Yes* from " my lips—I will go."—

" Though conſcious of the inutility " of this journey, Madam, I will un- " dertake it to pleaſe you——

Her eyes brightened with joy, and ſhe preſſed me tenderly to her boſom. The exceſs of her joy was not natural.—" This is all impoſture," ſighed I.

" Some

" Some deſign they have preme-
" ditated againſt me—when I am once
" in their power, it may not be eaſy—
" nay, perhaps it will be impoſſible to
" ſteal away from them."

This reflection made me ſad, diffi-dent—I was tempted to go from the promiſe I had juſt made — I looked fixedly at my mother—ſhe was as calm as innocence.

" Come, Henrietta, the morning is
" beautiful, let us not loſe it. I'll
" ride with you to Felton Lodge—

" Do not you purpoſe to ſtay there,
" Madam ?——

" No,

" No, dear girl, but every day you
" ſhall hear from me.—

New fears, Suſannah, crouded into my head.——" Would ſhe ſmile upon
" me with miſchief in her heart?—
" a mother!"——I durſt not give way to ſuſpicion. I dreſſed—Mrs. Moulton was called—and away we drove.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

POOR Mrs. Moulton! ſo haſtily had ſhe been hurried to the coach, that ſhe had neither time to put a ſingle queſtion, nor to enquire into my looks for the cauſe of ſo ſudden, unthought of a journey. Her uneaſineſs I immediately removed, by telling her with a ſmile the place we were going to.

Mrs. Verman's chearfulneſs kept me from feeling too ſenſibly, that every mile we rode increaſed my diſtance from Mr. Romney.

" This

" This ſhort abſence will heighten
" our happineſs—we ſhall ſee then one
" another with a greater pleaſure—a
" real bliſs will reſult from this ima-
" ginary evil."——

With ſuch reflections I arrived at Felton Lodge, with a tolerable degree of vivacity and content.

Mrs. Spencer received us with the ſmiles and half courteſies of a woman proud of her riches and of my mother's being in need of her. This aſſurance ſpread an offenſive coldneſs upon her countenance.—" I am at laſt
" courted by a ſiſter ſtill prouder than
" myſelf."—As Mrs. Verman ſeemed

not

not to underſtand this meaning of her features, I whiſpered it to her—ſhe had too much wit either to hear or anſwer me. My aunt's looks at me agreed perfectly with her behaviour to my mother. As ſhe kept conſtantly in the country, and we lived in London, three years had elapſed ſince ſhe ſaw me—I was therefore quite a new thing expoſed to her view.——" Well enough — rather too impertinent and affected — a ſpoiled child, to whom I muſt and will teach better manners."——

Had Mrs. Spencer ſpoke theſe words, ſhe could not have expreſſed them better.

" If

" If my mother will overlook this
" woman's impertinence, I ſhall not.

And advancing to her with the utmoſt politeneſs,

" I thank you, dear Madam, for
" your good opinion, and the inſtruc-
" tions you lovingly purpoſe to give
" me——

" What does the girl mean?—Did
" I ſpeak to her?——

" Your tongue has not, but theſe
" eyes have, Madam——

And turning gravely to Mrs. Verman,

" I be-

" I believe our viſit is diſagreeable—
" you would not ſurely have me ſtay
" where I am not wellcome—

Mrs. Spencer burſt into a laughter.

" Come here, you ſaucy Harriot,
" come here, I ſay—I'll kiſs you for
" your ſeaſonable rebuke. — What!
" you have pride enough to reſent my
" conduct, and you do not bluſh at
" the preference you give to Romney
" over Lord Oſenvor? A girl of your
" ſenſe to commit ſuch a blunder!—
" You may bring a coronet into our
" family, and will thus unmercifully
" beggar us of it—you ſhall not, on
" my word—I'll make you wife, I war-
" rant

" rant you.—Siſter, I'll take care of
" this charge.——

I thought I perceived, in the tone of her voice, a ſatire levelled at Mrs. Verman, and that ſhe would not be my enemy.

" I have not offended!—how tran-
" ſporting the thought!—

" I was pleaſed, Henrietta, and not
" offended—had you tamely ſuffered
" my contempt, I would have hated
" you.—I love a girl of ſpirits—there
" is a glory in taming them—ſhake
" not your head—I'll ſucceed—my
" conſtancy in teazing and plaguing
" you

" you out of your inclination I'll
" force you to admire—you ſhall ac-
" knowledge me your conqueror—but
" I forget, you muſt have got an ex-
" cellent appetite, let us dine; after
" that we will enter the liſts, and fight
" bravely for victory.——

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

MRS. Spencer's charming ſprightlineſs diffuſed itſelf into my heart: I humoured her fancy, and was as gay and thoughtleſs as if I had been perfectly happy.

" You ſee ſiſter; my niece and I
" are already upon friendly terms: we
" will ſoon underſtand one another—
" I dare ſay we ſhall not differ.—What
" think you Harriot?——

" It is my opinion, Madam.—

Indeed,

Indeed, Sufannah, from a wink ſhe had caſt at me I was convinced ſhe would favour my paſſion, and I was not deceived.

" Envy me not my conqueſt, ſiſ-
" ter, ſince the benefit ſhall be wholly
" your's.—

Let us be generous enemies—here is to poor Romney—come ſiſter—

" With all my heart.—

We all drank to poor Romney.

" Why did not Lord Oſenvor wait
" there upon my lovely girl?—he a
" lover!—

" He

" He could not poſſibly—he will be
" here this evening or to morrow—

" Is he handſome Harriot?—

I was deaf.

" And Romney?—

" Very much ſo—

" He is not an Earl—this title has a
" beauty which beats all Romney's
" charms to nothing——that boſom
" ſhould not be profaned but by a duke
" —your Grace here, your Grace there
" —it ſeduces one's reaſon to think of
" your Grace."—Were I you, Harriot,
" I would

" I would force the proudeſt of the no-
" bility to lay at my feet—to marry
" the man you love is ſo ſtupid a
" reſolution as not to enter a rational
" head—you ſhall be a perfect ſlave.—
" Inſtead of commanding, you will
" be in a perpetual trembling not to
" obey quickly enough—all your paſ-
" ſions will center in that of making
" him happy—fy Henrietta! for one
" man bid adieu to pleaſures, diſſipa-
" tion, the flattering gaze of a world of
" adorers—to ſink all at once in the
" wife!—I have no patience—ſilence—
" I know your anſwer—I deteſt preach-
" ing after a good dinner—it troubles
" one's digeſtion—no more of thoſe

" men for to day—let us enjoy the re-
" mains of it.—

As we were ſtepping to a parlour next the garden, ſhe gave me a gentle tap on the ſhoulder and whiſpered " fear " not." I carried her hand to my lips and printed upon it a kiſs of gratitude.

* * * * * *

Lord Oſenvor did not come—Mrs. Verman having fixed her depart for the next morning we retired early to our apartment.

" You know my wiſhes, Henrietta, " I'll ſay no more. To morrow I'll be " gone before you are up. Write to " me—

I begged

I begged a motherly embrace.

" Never doubt my tenderneſs—this
" is the firſt time I have parted from
" you—it pierces my heart—

She ſtrained me to her boſom—

" Leave me Henrietta—go to reſt—
" I feared this inſtant—I—leave me—

And ſhe faintly ſtruggled to get free from my arms.

" Dear Mother—

" You love me—I am conſcious you
" do—

She put her handkerchief up to her eye—

" Muſt I ſee that real concern and
" yet diſpleaſe my mother!—how hard
" my fate!—take me back with you to
" London—

" I am too weak, Henrietta, to be
" juſt either to you or myſelf—from
" what it coſt me to leave you behind
" —I ſhall not long be without you—
" your abſence, I fear, will plead too
" well for you—go—I inſiſt upon it—

I reſpected her grief and went to my room.

LET-

LETTER XXII.

AS I was neither fatigued, nor inclined to ſleep, I ſat up two hours with Mrs. Moulton. From Mrs. Spencer's "fear not," we concluded I ſhould be happy.

"How grieved Mr. Romney, when
"he hears you have thus precipitately
"left the town—when no body can tell
"him where you are gone!—from his
"love judge his deſpair—he will ſuffer
"beyond your imagination—

" He will love me the more when " he finds me—this night a letter can- " not be ſent—to-morrow, my aunt— " from her I have all to hope: She will " be propitious to me—Romney ſhall " know I am here—my mother dream- " ed not I ſhould find a protector in " Mrs. Spencer—nor did her reception " at firſt flatter me with it—I am im- " patient to ſee her—there is no deceit " in her ſmiles—the "fear not," her " heart ſpoke—Lord Oſenvor will loſe " the day.—

* * * * * *

Mrs. Spencer, Suſannah, longed for a converſation as much as I did. She thought ſhe could not too ſoon diſpel

diſpel my apprehenſions and make me happy.

An hour after my mother was gone ſhe tript up to my room.

" Scold me not, Henrietta; the loſs
" of your ſleep, I will compenſate.—

" I needed not that aſſurance to believe
" you—from your lips I cannot hear
" but what will delight my heart—you
" talked and behaved in ſuch a manner
" yeſterday as to confirm my hopes—I
" enjoyed that day which I dreaded
" would be marked with ſorrow—here
" have I met with a friend inſtead of a
" perſecutor—

I threw my arms round her waiſt.

" You have, Henrietta, you have in-
" deed.—

And ſhe embraced me with an uncommon fondneſs.

" My ſiſter ſent me an expreſs the
" night before, and begged I would re-
" ceive you for ſome weeks, and ſuffer
" and ſupport with all my intereſt, the
" viſits and pretenſions of Lord Oſen-
" vor. She treated your paſſion for
" Mr. Romney of a childiſh whim,
" and expatiated upon the advantages
" reſulting to the whole family from a
" marriage between his Lordſhip and
" you.—

" you.—So brilliant an eſtabliſhment,
" I own Henrietta, prejudiced me a-
" gainſt you—I fell blindly into her
" opinion, and prepared my heart to
" oppoſe your tears, and deſtroy an in-
" clination I fancied a real diſgrace.
" You came — at your ſight I was
" moved—I miſtruſted that heart—it
" was not armed againſt the power of
" beauty, and the enchanting allure-
" ments of the happieſt phyſiognomy
" I ever beheld. — Your ſhape, your
" motions, the tone of your voice had
" a charm I could not reſiſt.—I cannot
" hate her, ſaid I to myſelf, though in
" the mean time, to pleaſe your mo-
" ther, I threw at you the looks of in-
" difference and contempt. — Your

" ſenſibility which took the alarm and
" returned upon me the contempt you
" deſerved not, parted inſtantly from
" me the true from the falſe woman.
" It made me your friend—I prided in
" a niece who durſt to act with magna-
" nimity, and brave openly her enemy.
" Your behaviour convinced me of the
" ſincerity of your paſſion—I ſcorn to
" make unhappy the girl I can boaſt
" to eſteem—although Romney be not
" Lord Oſenvor, ſince you love him,
" he is the man I will favour.—Thank
" me not, Henrietta; words would not
" expreſs half the gratitude which en-
" livens your countenance—this only
" does repay my tenderneſs for you.—
" Dreſs yourſelf and after breakfaſt we

" will

" will lay our wife heads together and
" fix the fate of Lord Oſenvor.—

" How ſhall I requite ſuch a good-
" neſs!—

She would not hear, but ſhut her ears with both her hands and left me.

LET-

LETTER XXIII.

AT breakfaſt Mrs. Spencer called all her ſervants to the hall and preſenting them to me ordered them to obey whatever I ſhould command.

" You are not my ſlave, Henrietta,
" but your own miſtreſs. A young wo-
" man of your judgment and ſpirits
" from me ſhall receive no law.—

" Would I were worthy of the fa-
" vours you beſtow upon me!—

" This

" This wiſh acquits you.—by acting
" as I do I gratify a favourite paſſion
" Henrietta—I am proud to ſhow I
" know your worth—ſo I pleaſe myſelf
" —you owe me no obligation.—Now
" that we are alone, let us ſettle how
" we muſt behave with his Lordſhip.
" —From what my ſiſter has told me
" of his excellent qualities, I think we
" ſhould coax him into generoſity, and
" ſeem to rely upon him alone for your
" happineſs. This conduct muſt ope-
" rate upon a noble heart.—In giving
" you up to his rival he will forget the
" ſacrifice for the glory of having made
" it.—Have you a better advice to
" offer?—

" Indeed

" Indeed I have none.—Yours agrees
" ſo perfectly with my eſteem of him,
" that I hardly doubt its ſucceſs.—

" Well, we will follow it.—Have we
" any other concern to unravel?—You
" ſigh Henrietta—

" Romney knows not what is be-
" come of me—what anxiety he muſt
" be in!—

" It is cruel in your mother to have
" overlooked the torments he ſhould
" ſuffer—they are not to be borne by a
" lover—It was inhuman—let us find
" an antidote to that poiſon.—

I was

I was ſtupid, Suſannah, from the want of ſhewing my gratitude—not a word of that would ſhe liſten to—it made me almoſt faint—

" Write to Romney, Henrietta, tell
" him you are ſafe, but hide from him
" the place you live in.—Prudence re-
" quires that the two rivals ſhould not
" meet—go, loſe no time—forget not
" to write lovingly—

And ſhe ſmiled.

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

TOO pleaſing was the order not to be inſtantly complied with. I ſtepped into her cloſet, ſat down, and wrote what my heart dictated.

To Charles Romney, Eſq;

THOUGH never ſo great the pains you endure from my abſence, they are my own, dear Romney. My departure was ſo ſudden, ſo unexpected, that I had it not in my power to warn you of it. I am ſafe at a relation's, who doats

doats upon me—ſhe was to be my tyrant—ſuch were my mother's expectations—ſhe has turned a friend to me, to you, Romney—You ſhe loves, and wiſhes for my huſband—doubt not this, and I will reward your credulity—my heart is thine, thou haſt nothing to fear—the few days I am loſt to thee, think of me.—Increaſe thy love, by calling to thy mind the few virtues thou thinkeſt I poſſeſs.—Fancy I am in thy company, liſtening and anſwering thy raptures.——I love thee, Romney—Tell Lady Bennet I love her.—Believe both

Your faithful,

HENRIETTA VERMAN.

I pre-

I preſented the letter to Mrs. Spencer, that ſhe might read it.

" I have no curioſity, Henrietta ;
" ſeal it. One of my people will carry
" it. The ſlowneſs of public couriers
" would anſwer ill the impatience of
" thy heart. Romney ſhall have this
" letter before dinner, and not know
" whence it came.—Poſſibly we may
" have an anſwer at night.——

Had you been me, Suſannah, you would have admired the turn of your fortune, loved your aunt, and be ſilent.

Part of the morning we walked and read away. No troubleſome thought preſſing

preying upon my mind, I gave way to my natural gaiety, and expected without fear Lord Oſenvor's arrival. We ſaw him at one o'clock in the avenue facing the houſe riding in his chariot and four, attended by three ſervants in elegant liveries.

" Does not the ſight tempt you, " Henrietta, to be the miſtreſs of that " chariot? Had you leſs love, it " would ſtun your reaſon.—Pride is " always heard when we are indiffe- " rent—humble him not, by hinting " he is the cauſe of your retreat— " he will repay your diſcretion with " generoſity ——

The

The chariot then entering the yard, we went down to receive his Lordſhip. From Mrs. Spencer he had a very hearty welcome, from me a polite, "I hope you are very well, my Lord." He took my hand, and for this time I ſuffered him to kiſs it.—The tedious formality of an indiſpenſible ceremony over, we began to talk with the freedom of friendſhip.

Whether out of compliment to my aunt, or merely to pleaſe himſelf, he would take a view of the houſe; but ſuch a long time he employed in her cloſet of natural curioſities, as to make me conclude his love was not of the ſame nature of mine. Romney would not

not have preferred the examination of a ſhell, or a medal, to the pleaſure of converſing with me—this would have been the only want he would have felt and gratified. By gradual imperceptible ſteps I withdrew to the library, and left him with Mrs. Spencer. For half an hour more he continued in that cloſet, whilſt I amuſed myſelf with *Clariſſa.*

* * * * * *

His Lordſhip was in rapture at what he had ſeen.——"How prodigiouſly "rich and well choſen that collection! "'Till now he had boaſted his own— "for the future, never would he men- "tion it—compared to Mrs. Spen- "cer's,

" cer's, it was a poor one indeed — " how came ſhe by ſuch a rare va- " riety ? ——

" This man loves you not, whiſper- " ed my aunt ; I believe he would " barter you for the tenth part of my " collection. —

I burſt into laughter.

" Will you propoſe the bargain ?—

" No, no. I ſhould ſuffer by it, " ſince he cannot have you.——

His Lordſhip walked up and down the library, admiring the fine order in which the books ſtood, and now and then

then a buſt attracted his attention, and forced an eulogium.

" In this houſe, dear Henrietta,
" 'tis impoſſible you ſhould regret the
" diverſions of London ——

" My aunt's friendſhip makes me
" inſenſible to their loſs ——

" Does not my preſence contribute
" a little to that indifference?—Am
" I for nothing in that tranquility of
" mind you appear to enjoy? — If I
" am miſtaken, out of pity, diſſemble,
" undeceive me not — let me cheriſh
" the flattering error—next to life, I
" would hate to loſe it ——

He

He loves his life better however, ſaid I to myſelf; my frowns will not carry him to the grave, I am glad of it.

" The company of an amiable man, " my Lord, is always deſirable.——I " know but one I prefer to your Lord- " ſhip's——

" 'Tis kind in you—but that one " is ſtill too much—were I that one, " I would be the happieſt of man- " kind — let me be the firſt in your " heart——

" Though you deſerve the firſt, my " Lord, you muſt reſt contented with " the

" the ſecond place — 'tis not in my
" power to give it to you—let us be
" friends, ſince you cannot be my
" lover — the greatneſs of your ſoul
" will make your victory eaſy — you
" will not make me miſerable, when
" you can inſure my happineſs.—No,
" Lord Oſenvor will not have Hen-
" rietta unhappy——

" It would tear my heart to ſee you
" really ſo—I the cauſe! — Henrietta,
" pray, ſpare me—talk not thus—

" I knew your Lordſhip's magnani-
" mity — your virtues were my war-
" rant — I was certain you loved me
" for myſelf — that your ſoul would

" diſdain to force my inclination, and
" puniſh me for a fault I was not
" guilty of ——

I took his hand affectionately into mine ——

" Now you are yourſelf—my friend
" —my benefactor—I am happy—

And I kiſſed the hand I held.

" Heavens! —— Henrietta — what
" are you doing?—What have I ſaid
" that deſerves ſuch thanks? — I am
" your friend—'tis true—but — Oh!
" what a conflict in this ——

And he led my hand to his heart.

" Courage,

" Courage, my Lord,—give way to
" your generoſity — pity your Hen-
" rietta ——

And I involuntarily fell at his feet, with tears in my eyes, and pantings in my boſom—I would have ſpoke; the words dwindled into ſobbings.

" Ariſe, thou virtuous girl—Ariſe,
" lovely Henrietta. — You affect me
" too much—let me breathe—At my
" feet?—Fortunate Romney! — Un-
" happy me!—Ariſe—I am ready to
" ſink — I was not prepared for this
" encounter—my ſenſibility you have
" ſtruck—and commanded—Fear me
" not, Henrietta. —— Mrs. Spencer,

" help me againſt her tears—they un-
" man me ——

" They have rather made a man of
" you, my Lord,—they have reſtored
" you your own dignity obſcured by
" an unlucky paſſion.——Never have
" you appeared to a greater advan-
" tage—I love Henrietta for her eſteem
" of you—I admire your Lordſhip for
" the triumph you have obtained over
" yourſelf ——

" Compliment me not upon a doubt-
" ful victory, it is not yet compleat—
" Henrietta cannot be ſo eaſily eraſed
" from my heart. — Hide theſe tears
" from me—or I am undone—I have
" no

" no ſtrength against them.——Too
" many enemies have I to meet with;
" —her ſorrow—You, Mrs. Spencer,
" whom I thought for me——

" I have a tender ſoul, my Lord;
" it diſſolved into pity at her ſight—
" I conquered my pride—As you was
" the man deſtined for my niece, that
" pride was very great—yet I con-
" quered it—like me, my Lord, you
" will conquer your paſſion—look on
" Henrietta—think of the happineſs
" you may procure her—are not you
" happy to have it in your power?—
" Can man boaſt a greater?——

He ſighed, and on a ſudden ſtraining me to his boſom—

" Though my paſſion be extremely
" fierce—I am not ungenerous, Hen-
" rietta ; give me time to reconcile
" myſelf to the cruel ſacrifice you de-
" mand of me—I'll animate myſelf to
" this act of juſtice.——Come, clear
" theſe eyes — reſume your ſpirits—
" your dejection would be a diſcourage-
" ment — I would feebly attempt, did
" I not ſee in your look a confidence
" of my ſucceſs.—

" Next to Romney, you I will eſteem
" and love.—

And we exchanged a ſalute.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

I Need not, Suſannah, to tell you my joy and reflections on ſo happy a beginning: your heart will explain them to you.

The night was far gone when the ſervant returned from London. He brought me the following ſhort and expreſſive epiſtle.

To Miſs Verman.

"My heart is thine, thou haſt no-"thing to fear."—Seaſonably did theſe kind words come to me — I was de-

ſpairing: they made me eaſy—I truſt to my Henrietta the happineſs of her

ROMNEY.

* * * * * *

Fearful to talk of love, yet unable to ſuppreſs it from his looks, Lord Oſenvor grew ſad, penſive, and paſſed the greateſt part of the week alone in the moſt ſolitary places of Felton-Lodge. In the hours he ſpent with us he affected a mirth, and diſſipation his heart did not feel. Sometimes he would lead me ſilently to the harpſichord, then ſing what I played; but either he was out of tune, or his ſong vaniſhed into a ſigh. Often did he turn his head to hide

hide the trickling tear, and fly from me if I happened to ſmile.

One morning he was gone abroad. We were alarmed by the ſhriekings of Mrs. Moulton who was coming to our apartment crying that Lord Oſenvor was wounded. We were in the firſt tranſport of our fright when his Lordſhip preſented himſelf with his left arm in a ſling, and ſome drops of blood on his coat.

" Be not terrified ladies, I am not
" wounded—this blood is not mine—
" and this arm is only bruiſed.—Dear
" Henrietta, believe me, I am not
" wounded—your concern for my ſafe-

" ty obliterates from my mind the
" danger I have ran.—Sit down, I'll
" tell you how I was attacked, and mi-
" raculouſly delivered.—

" Before you begin, I will ſee that
" arm, be certain that this blood is not
" yours; you may diſguiſe your ſitua-
" tion from the fear we ſhould be un-
" happy by knowing it.—Step into
" that cloſet, ſuffer your valet de cham-
" bre to undreſs and inſpect whether
" that blood—oh! I am in a terror—

" He hath already—I am well, truſt
" to my honour—I would not, indeed,
" deceive you.—

" Be

" Be calm, Henrietta, ſaid Mrs. Spen-
" cer, why ſhould we doubt his word?
" —Deign my Lord to gratify my cu-
" rioſity: I long to know how you
" came by that arm, by that blood—

So ſtrong an impreſſion that blood had made upon me, Suſannah, that in ſpite of his Lordſhip's extreme compoſure, I was ſtill diffident — his paleneſs argued for ſuſpicion — my heart hardly beat—I was obliged to call for ſalts.

" From me conceal your ſenſibility,
" Henrietta—that unfeigned intereſt
" weakens my reſolution—it rather in-
" dulges my paſſion than cools it—how

" can

" can I deſpair of pleaſing when I cauſe
" ſuch an emotion in your heart!—it
" forces a hope you will love me one
" day—your affliction makes me cheriſh
" it—be yourſelf immediately — or—I
" ſhall be ungenerous—

" My fear, friendſhip cauſed, my
" Lord; you deſerve to inſpire it—but,
" pray, tell us your accident.—

His Lordſhip got up, and walked a few minutes in the room to recover from his trouble—now and then his eyes upon me—ſuch loving eyes!—I was ſorry I had not been able to diſſemble my concern. His counte-

nance

nance was more animated: he looked as if he hoped.

" I forget you muſt be impatient, " forgive me Ladies, and he ſat down.

* * * * * *

" My reverie had carried me this " morning at ſome diſtance from the " park, when turning into a little lane " which leads to the public road, I was " on a ſudden aſſaulted by two ſtout " fellows in a ſeaman's dreſs. Before " I could aſk what they wanted, one of " them ſtruck me upon this arm with " the butt end of a muſket. To de- " fend myſelf would have been a folly; " I delivered them my purſe, my watch,

" and

" and my ring. The unconſcionable
" raſcals would abſolutely have all. I
" reſted contented with my loſs and
" prepared to go, when the villain who
" had my watch, viewing the ſeal which
" hung at the chain, cryed to his com-
" panion, ' Jack, he is a Lord, he will
" get us to the gallows, let us diſpatch
" him, ſelf intereſt bids it.' I was not
" a little frightened at his remark. I
" attempted to compromiſe for my life
" with the bloody minded ruffians. I
" ſwore never to complain, and pro-
" miſed to convey any ſum of money
" they would aſk, to any retired place
" they would fix. They went a few
" paces from me to conſult what they
" ſhould do, their muſkets ready to

" fire

" fire and their eyes upon me. " Truſt
" him not Jack, he is a Lord, damned
" fools if we do." At this inſtant, I
" thought to be my laſt, a gentleman
" appeared ſome ſteps behind me, who
" perceiving my ſituation advanced
" with the quick undaunted ſteps of
" courage towards them with a piſtol
" in each hand. " Villains!" One
" fired at him and miſſed—he blew his
" brains out—his blood ſpirt up upon
" my coat—his fall intimidated the
" other who fled, and fired in his re-
" treat but with the trembling hand of
" a coward. The report of the guns
" ſoon gathered a few men who follow-
" ing my brave deliverer went in pur-
" ſuit of the banditti. He was taken,

" and

" and when arriving upon the ſpot I
" looked for my generous protector,
" found him not, he had vaniſhed. My
" ſorrow was extreme not to know
" whom I was indebted to for my life.
" —I queſtioned every man who had
" ſeen him—' he was an abſolute ſtran-
" ger to them.' My inquiries proving
" ineffectual, I took a poſt chaiſe in
" the next village where the ſeamen
" was conducted and came here.

* * * * * *

Whom would not this relation have moved?—his ſituation between life and death—I was bathed in tears when he told it—

" What

" What a danger you have eſcaped
" my Lord!—how generous the man
" who ſaved you!—that man will ever
" be dear to me—Never could I have
" been happy had I loſt my friend—

Theſe expreſſions were a fuel to his flame—I could not help it. I ſaw in his thanks all the fire of love, and was not offended—I thought but of the life he ſo unexpectedly enjoyed.

" You ſhall no more venture abroad,
" my Lord, unleſs armed or waited
" upon—theſe ruffians—I cannot think
" on them without horror.—

So

So overjoyed to hear me talk thus was Lord Oſenvor, that he could not find words to ſhow me his gratitude—he preſſed my hands and appeared happy—no other tokens did he attempt to give me of his heart's delight—theſe then pleaſed me, I wanted no other.

A wink from Mrs. Spencer cooled my raptures—I felt that friendſhip or humanity had carried me too far—I began to perceive the deluſion which his Lordſhip indulged—how fooliſh a tender heart, Suſannah! how eaſily it receives an impreſſion, and over acts its natural feelings!—

" Have

" Have you never known the charms
" of friendſhip, my Lord, that you are
" both ſo amazed and delighted at the
" expreſſion of mine? Do you think
" we have no tears to ſhed, no tran-
" ſports of joy to feel for the perſon we
" eſteem?—For the ſake of your peace
" and mine miſtake not the pleaſure I
" have diſcovered at your happy eſ-
" cape—give it not a motive it had
" not—my friendſhip is too ſincere for
" my having been inſenſible of the pe-
" ril you was expoſed to.—

* * * * * *

It was too late, Suſannah, the poiſon had penetrated into his heart—he would not believe me. He let his paſſion domineer

mineer—and talked — and looked — I left the room, and with many ſighs retreated into mine.

LET-

LETTER XXVI.

I Had not been long by myſelf, when Mrs. Moulton came to me.

" Here is a letter from Mr. Rom-
" ney —

" Good God! how came you by it?—

" The gardener gave it to me.—

What a flutter my ſoul was in!

To Miſs HENRIETTA VERMAN.

BY the help of gold I have diſcovered your retreat——This letter will ſafely

ſafely come into the hands of my Henrietta.—Of this metal never before did I know the power—did I make ſo noble uſe of it.—By the help of gold I breathe the ſame air with Henrietta!—This inſtant, only, I am fond of riches which could procure to my ſoul the gratification of the ſole deſire it felt.—I gueſs the reaſons which hindered your dating the letter you ſent me from Felton Lodge.—— Lord Oſenvor is with you.—You wrote me, "Thou haſt nothing to fear."—I fear nothing, Henrietta.—Of you, I ſhould be unworthy, did not I rely totally on the aſſurance you gave.—Love, not Jealouſy, brought me here.—A few minutes of your preſence will compenſate

for

for the ſix days I have not ſeen you—my heart wants this comfort againſt the days I am ſtill to be abſent from you.—A few minutes only, and then I go back to London, till Henrietta will be mine.—I am in the grove next to the ſummer-houſe—here for his dear Henrietta impatiently waits

ROMNEY.

I'll go, be ſure I'll go—be not impatient—I'll go.

Theſe words I wrote immediately, and ſent by the bribed meſſenger.

* * * * * * * *

At dinner Lord Oſenvor would ſtill continue deluded—my behaviour in

the

the morning he ſtill would interpret in his favour.

" You know not your heart, Hen-
" rietta; it was an Enigma before you
" ſaw this arm, this blood: by theſe
" it has been unravelled — I hope—
" nay, I am certain — no rival do I
" dread—will I yield to a victory which
" your concern has convinced me I
" ſhall obtain.——

" Is this your generoſity, my Lord?--

" When my hopes are founded, I am
" a lover — in no other character will
" I, or can I talk or behave.——

I took Mrs. Spencer into the next room, and ſhewed her Romney's letter.

" Go,

" Go, Henrietta; I'll keep his Lord-
" ſhip.——

Then through a back ſtair-caſe I joined Mrs. Moulton in a covered alley.

Love, Suſannah, gave wings to my feet: in ten minutes I was in the arms of Romney. You may imagine what language we ſpoke — how tender the expreſſion — how delicate the ſentiment!—Theſe ſcenes are to be acted, not deſcribed—the pen is too cold for the fire of paſſion.

An hour we had forgot ourſelves in the bewitching effuſions of our enamoured hearts—not one thought had

we of parting——He was at my feet, enjoying my ſmiles and my 'I love you' when we were rouſed from this heavenly lethargy by the door being violently thrown open.

" At laſt I have found my rival—I " can revenge myſelf——

" What a fury!—my Lord—is it " thus you reſpect me?——

And I ſtepped between him and Romney.

" I am mad—you ſhall not protect " him—Sir, defend yourſelf—

" I will,

" I will, my Lord—

And he turned his face to his Lordſhip.

At his ſight Lord Oſenvor drew back with the greateſt amazement.

" Great God!—what do I ſee?—is " it Romney who this morning ſaved " my life?——

How I ſtared Suſannah!

" I did my Lord: but as in the ſame " circumſtance you would venture it " for me, you owe me no obliga- " tion—

His Lordſhip was ſtruck dumb—he leaned againſt the wall, his hand before his forehead, and his eyes caſt down—an awful ſilence reigned for a few minutes.

" How ſevere my fate! exclaimed " Lord Oſenvor with the tone of de- " ſpair—to be indebted for my life to " the man my love had pointed out for " my enemy!——

And again he ſunk into a reverie.

What to do I knew not—I was ſo ſeized—I could but feel—

" Romney! why did you come to my " help!—why did not you let me pe- " riſh

" riſh by the hands of the ruffians!—
" the life you gave I ſhould not now
" deteſt—my death would have been
" ſo favourable to you——

" It would not have compenſated
" for the contempt of myſelf—I knew
" you—

" You knew me?

" Yes my Lord.—

" Why did you fly from me when
" you could have ſo much valued your-
" ſelf upon the benefit you conferred
" upon me, and expect your happineſs
" from my gratitude?——

 " Could

" Could I boaſt, my Lord, not to
" have been baſe?—all men of ho-
" nour would have behaved as I did—
" never would you have known me for
" your deliverer had it not been for
" your coming here.——

Lord Oſenvor remained ſometimes penſive, totally retired in himſelf—I ſaw the dropping tears—his generoſity was in arms againſt his paſſion. He advanced on a ſudden towards my lover.

" Here is my hand, Romney—

He pauſed, and looked at me, then with a deep ſigh—

" I'll

" I'll excel you in generoſity—you " ſaved my life—I yield you Henri- " etta.—No longer do I oppoſe your " inclination——

And putting Romney's hands in mine——

" Be happy—from my heart I wiſh " you ſo.——Henrietta, your mother's " conſent I engage to obtain — let " this act of juſtice expiate for your " wrongs——

Suſannah! I am loath to deſcribe our emotions—our thanks—thou haſt a heart—call thy fancy to its help—— paint to thyſelf what paſſed among us.

—Here had fate been propitious, I would have ended theſe memoirs—but alas! I was doomed to be miſerable.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

AS we were going to the houſe we met Mrs. Spencer, who fearful of miſchief, had watched, and followed his Lordſhip's ſteps. Our joy told her we were happy, and chaced from her features the anxiety which animated them. She ſtopped at ſome diſtance from us with a look of admiration, which evidently expreſſed—" is it poſſible? you three hand in hand—all ſeemingly happy!"—

" This is Mr. Romney, Madam, my " deliverer—and your nephew—

" Your deliverer!—oh! let me em-
" brace the brave fellow—my nephew!
" —Your Lordſhip is a man indeed—
" why have not I two Henriettas?
" With two ſuch men for nephews, the
" moſt inſatiable ambition of an aunt
" ought to be ſatisfied.—

" By this event, charming Henrietta,
" ſaid Lord Oſenvor with a ſmile, you
" have avoided a world of vexations.
" Your extreme ſenſibility in the morn-
" ing had perſuaded me you did not
" love Romney—I cheriſhed the hope
" of meeting your ſoul into tenderneſs
" —but when after dinner you took
" Mrs. Spencer apart and did not come
" back—Suſpicion entered my heart—

" to

" to deſpair I gave way—under the pre-
" text of the want of a nap, I ſtole
" into my room—charged theſe piſtols
" and went down into the garden.—
" The pleaſure of ſeeing one another
" betrayed the place of your retreat—
" you ſpoke your tranſports with the
" indiſcreet voice of a real joy—it made
" me mad to hear—I ruſhed in upon
" you—the reſt you know—far from
" repenting of what I did I will haſten
" the hour of your mutual happineſs—
" it is yet early—this minute I'll go to
" London. When from me, Mrs. Ver-
" man ſhall learn the ſincerity of your
" inclination, her oppoſition will die
" into the delight of making you hap-
" py—

In

In vain did we all beg he would give us the remainder of the day—

" I muſt deſerve your forgiveneſs " and your eſteem, Henrietta; I am " eager to repair the troubles I have " cauſed you.—

Mr. Romney offered to wait upon his Lordſhip.—

" No, no Romney: you have your " laſt ſufferings to forget, ſtay here; " to morrow you ſhall hear from me— " and I dare ſay from Mrs. Verman.—

The chariot was ſoon ready—a kiſs was my farewel to him.

" Envy

" Envy him not that kiſs, Romney—

I'll puniſh you for the apology—

And he printed one himſelf upon my lips.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

SOON my lover was the man of my aunt's fancy. The more ſhe ſaw and heard him, the more ſhe was pleaſed with his perſon and manners.

" I applaud your taſte, Henrietta,—
" in the choice of an huſband, not an
" happier choice could you have made.

The art of pleaſing which he naturally had, he diſplayed to gain her eſteem—twenty four hours, Suſannah, vaniſhed like a dream—never breathed

two

two more fortunate lovers—theſe hours of raptures were ſucceeded by days of horror and miſery—why Suſannah, have you bid my friendſhip to write what I wiſh I had totally forgot?—my ſoul is torn—I doubt it will be in my power to obey—too fiercely ſad is the tale of my woe—my pen drops—this day I ſhall be a prey to ſorrow—tears only can I ſhed — I cannot write — perhaps to morrow— Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

TOWARDS the evening we received from Mrs. Verman a letter ſuch as we would have dictated.

" The certainty I loved, and Lord
" Oſenvor's intreaties had forced her
" conſent—the next Tueſday, ſhe pro-
" miſed to come with his Lordſhip,
" and give me to Romney."

Who after this, Suſannah, would have thought I ſhould be the moſt wretched of my ſex!—I muſt forget it, or I ſhall not proceed.

In

In the tranſports of her joy Mrs. Spencer would that all her neighbourhood ſhould partake of it. Invitations were ſent to the moſt genteel people for the next day.

" The interval to Tueſday muſt be
" paſſed into mirth and feſtivity—let
" us not perceive it if poſſible—

The nearer I draw to the cataſtrophe—the more inhuman is the order you gave—my heart ſhrinks—I have hardly life enough to hold the pen—oh!—oh! Suſannah—to what tryal you put my friendſhip for you!—I cannot dwell upon the paſt—one attempt more I will make to pleaſe you—it may be

be death to me—you know not how keen the torment to write what I feel—

* * * * * *

The company came—we danced with the ſpirits of over-joyed hearts—Romney—fate had decreed I ſhould drink of the cup of miſery and deſpair—Romney having over-heated himſelf ſtepped in the next room—there, he imprudently quenched his thirſt with ſome ſmall wine and water—it was cold—Suſannah, pity me—remit the reſt of the puniſhment you have inflicted upon me—it is too ſevere—I ſhall ſink under it—

* * * * * *

The dances continued, when a ſudden paleneſs on his face, and the trembling

bling of his hand frightened my loving timorous ſoul.

" Good God! you are in a ſhivering " fit, Romney!——

A fainting was his anſwer. I prevented his fall by opening my arms and receiving him in them.—What a ſituation I was in!—they took him from me —and I was myſelf carried in an elbow chair—Doctor Herbert who was in the aſſembly, felt Romney's pulſe—found him in a high fever—at that word my heart beat no more—I ſwooned away.

For three days I was in that ſtate of ſtupidity peculiar to a mind too lively affected

affected—I knew nobody—and had forgot Romney—nature at laſt helped by the phyſician gave back to my organs the ſenſibility they had loſt. When I could diſtinguiſh the object before me, I ſaw my mother and my aunt on their knees at the bed-ſide bedewed in tears, and lamenting mournfully their unhappy deſtiny—

" Where is Romney?—

It was the firſt words I had yet ſpoke.

" Thanks to the almighty! — my " Henrietta is reſtored to me—ſhe talks —you know my Henrietta——

" Ldo—

" I do—

And I preſſed my lips upon her hands.

" I know you—dear aunt, I know
" you too—O mother—mother—where
" is Romney?—

Both turned their heads—ſighed—
were ſilent.

" Is Romney no more?—

" He lives ſtill—

" Let me ſee him—and then die with
" him—I ſhan't out-live my Romney—
" the ſame grave will contain us both—
" I hardly

" I hardly breathe—deny me not the
" only pleaſure which can charm the
" mortal pangs of death—its agony I
" already feel—oh! Romney how cruel
" our fate!—ſo near to happineſs—in
" one inſtant we fell into the abyſs of
" miſery—deprive not your daughter of
" the ſight of Romney—let us expire
" in one another's arms—our ſouls will
" take their flights, together—ſuch an
" end will be a delight——

" Dear Henrietta—remember you
" are a chriſtian—that your days are
" not your own—that you will leave
" behind you the unhappieſt of mo-
" thers—live to be the comfort of a
" mother who loves you——

" Dear

" Dear aunt, you have a tender
" heart—indulge the only wiſh I am
" able to form—let me ſee Romney.—
" Your looks tell me you comply—
" dear mother mark not with deſpair
" the laſt gaſp of my life—

" Be compoſed dear girl—you ſhall
" ſee him when his fever being abated,
" he can ſee and hear you—wait that
" moment with patience——

" With patience!——

Suſannah forgive me the particulars—for the ſake of Lord Oſenvor forgive them to me—ſhould he come and perceive my grief he would be unhappy—

he

he is my huſband—I muſt ſpare him the ſight of my tears—of my diſtreſs.

* * * * * *

In the evening Mrs. Spencer drew near me—ſhe had no need to ſpeak—I ſaw my loſs in her eyes—I ſcreemed, and ſunk upon the pillow—Suſannah, if you will have me live, let me draw a veil over theſe ſcenes of ſadneſs and calamity.—Adieu.

LET-

LETTER XXX.

Mrs. SPENCER, to Lady SUSANNAH FITZROY.

Madam,

ENTERING this morning into Lady Oſenvor's cloſet, I ſurpriſed her on her knees, bathed in tears—her lover's name was upon her lips—three times did I hear it pronounced, as often my ſoul ſhuddered at the inexpreſſible ſorrow marked in her accent and countenance. In my amazement I could but hear and feel her miſery—I thought that time, and her huſband had eraſed

Romney from her heart—my miſtake, the calm ſhe ſeemed to enjoy, had cauſed—poor unhappy Henrietta! ſhe ſuffered inwardly—her gaiety was affected—ſhe would deceive us leſt we ſhould be as miſerable as ſhe.—Romney ſhe loved ſtill, though ſhe ſmiled upon Oſenvor—her virtue hid from him the ſtruggles of her heart—when he was preſent, ſhe always appeared pleaſed and contented—probably, when by herſelf, thus ſhe compenſated for the continual ſacrifice ſhe made in his Lordſhip's favour. Theſe reflections proceeded naturally from the ſituation I found her in——

"Dear Henrietta!——

I could

I could ſay no more, and ſat on a chair.

" Envy not Romney the tribute I pay
" to his memory—it is involuntary—
" Lady Suſannah is more inhuman than
" death itſelf — this robbed me of my
" lover—ſhe has revived the loſs I made
" —I feel it as if new—dear aunt, I am
" a wretch, whoſe days muſt be filled
" with an inceſſant keen agony—I am
" ſick—heartily ſick of life—'tis a tor-
" ment to breathe as Romney's lover,
" and Oſenvor's wife——

This ſpeech uttered with the awful ſolemnity of deſpair drew tears from my eyes, and cauſed a trembling in every

limb. She perceived and was frightened at the impreſſion ſhe had made upon me.

" This flight of an old paſſion, dear " Madam, I could not poſſibly keep in " my heart; from it, it was forced by my " complying with Lady Suſannah's curi- " oſity—ſhe would know the hiſtory of " my life—I have obeyed—could I re- " call the paſt without pain?—in a few " days I ſhall recover my uſual tranqui- " lity of mind.—

And with a ſmile, ſhe wiped the tears which flowed on my cheeks.

" Come, dear aunt, let us bid grief " away: I will drown it in a lively tone " upon

" upon my harpſichord—muſic is the
" beſt phyſician againſt it. Never yet,
" after half an hour's playing and ſing-
" ing, have I with indifference beheld
" and liſtened to Lord Oſenvor — it
" ſeems he knows theſe minutes are fa-
" vourable to his paſſion—and indeed
" they ſoften my ſufferings, and melt
" my ſoul into tenderneſs for him.—

I fell in with her humour, and re-covered from the emotion I had felt. She played and ſung with an uncom-mon taſte and vivacity. Her eyes loſt their languor, and long before ſhe had done ſhe was an other woman.

" That I may not have a relapſe, dear " aunt, be pleaſed to finiſh my memoirs " —write to Lady Suſannah how after " having loved Romney, I became " Lord Oſenvor's wife—I will not think " of it.—I am abſolutely unable to fi- " niſh the talk her friendſhip has im- " poſed upon me.—

And ſhe put into my hands the letters ſhe had ſent your Ladyſhip. I promiſed and in my next will keep my word.

I am, Madam,
Your moſt humble Servant,
S. SPENCER.

Lower Groſvenor Street,
June 16th—1769.

LET-

LETTER XXXI.

Mrs. SPENCER, to Lady SUSANNAH FITZROY.

AFTER three days paſt in a continual delirium, Mr. Romney had for two hours the knowledge of himſelf. He named, called for his Henrietta, and inveighed bitterly againſt heaven who thus unmercifully deprived him at once of life and happineſs. Lady Bennet affecting a fortitude, none of us could aſſume, ſpoke of the vanity of human wiſhes, and reconciled him at laſt to his fate. No longer did he deſire to ſee Henrietta—"ſhe could not, ſighed he, "ſupport the ſight of her dying Rom-

"ney—

" ney—Henrietta! How I love thee!—
" and I muſt die!"—he fell into a few minutes reverie, then tendering his hand to Lord Oſenvor, who leaned in a real diſtreſs againſt the bed——

" Make the tender, virtuous Hen-
" rietta forget I have lived—would ſhe
" could forget it!—I fear her ſorrow—
" at firſt it will know no bounds—take
" care of her—let her live to make you
" happy—to be happy herſelf—the dy-
" ing requeſt of a lover ſhe perhaps
" will not deny—ſhe loves—ſhe will
" comply — I muſt write, that the
" thought you ſhall be her huſband,
" has charmed away all the horrors of
" death—ſhe eſteems you my Lord—
" you are worthy of her.—

His

His Lordſhip was too moved to anſwer with words—his tears, and an unfeigned ſorrow told his thanks and ſenſibility.

Mr. Romney deſired to be left with Lady Bennet; ſoon after a lawyer was ſent for. He made his will and bequeathed to Henrietta 2000 l. a year and 15000 l. in ready money; the remainder of his fortune he gave to Lady Bennet. He attempted to write to Henrietta—he was too weak—he recommended Lord Oſenvor and her to his aunt——and died.

I cannot deſcribe you, Madam, the effect ſo untimely a death made upon us—

us—What we apprehended from Henrietta's paſſion, when ſhe ſhould know her Romney was no more—Lord Oſenvor looked affliction itſelf—Lady Bennet! how ſhe lamented!—Mrs. Verman's grief exceeded ſtill ours — her Henrietta — at that moment ſhe was a real mother — her ſenſations can be felt only—poor Mrs. Moulton! faintings and tears were her expreſſions—never was ſeen ſuch a lively picture of perfect miſery — none durſt to enter Henrietta's room, who herſelf was then almoſt inſenſible between life and death—I took upon me to draw near her bed — my features betrayed the fatal event — Dear Madam—my heart is too oppreſſed—I muſt breathe.

* * * * * *

Three

Three times in five weeks Henrietta was forſaken by the phyſicians, as often an happy criſis giving a new turn to her diſtemper reſtored her to life.—In that interval Mrs. Moulton, deſpairing of Henrietta's recovery, yielded to her mortal anxiety and expired. We knew how fond of her, Henrietta was—this new incident overwhelmed us with vexation.

Nature at laſt conquered the diſeaſe—my niece was ſaved—it would be too tedious and painful to paint the different ſhades of ſorrow and deſpair which for fifteen months oppreſſed Henrietta's mind and heart—during that period, we all exerted every power of

of reaſon and friendſhip to eaſe her of her grief—but alas! ſhe was incapable of comfort—ſhe ſmiled only from her lips, her ſoul was dead to pleaſure—Lord Oſenvor continued his viſits—with her's he mingled his tears, and bewailed her diſaſter—his pity was unfeigned—"Leave me," ſaid ſhe often to him, "leave me, my Lord—give to diſſipation thoſe hours of melancholy you paſs with me—muſt all who love me partake of my troubles, and be unhappy for my ſake!—it increaſes my pain to think it is ſo—forſake a wretch who never can know or procure any joy."——Her dejection, at the end of two years, dwindling into a tender reverie, we prevailed ſo far as to make her

her ſhare in the public diverſions—at firſt with a reluctant heart, by degrees with a viſible ſatisfaction ſhe yielded to their charms. When Lady Bennet thought ſhe could with tranquility hear of her nephew, ſhe told her the legacy he had bequeathed her, and his hope ſhe would marry Lord Oſenvor—

She ſtarted back, ſtruck with what ſhe heard.

" Don't you deceive me, Madam ?
" Is it true he indulged that hope ?—

" He did—and was going to write,
" to beg of you, to beſtow your hand
" on his Lordſhip, when——

" Stop! it was his laſt wiſh, you " ſay——

" It was—to me he entruſted the " care of Lord Oſenvor's happineſs—

She fell on her knee, and with both her hands claſped together, and her eyes up to heaven——

" Romney! if thou canſt hear me, ſmile at the ſacrifice I make thee—thy laſt prayer I grant—Lord Oſenvor ſhall be my huſband."——

And ſhe aroſe with the looks of real content.

Unſpeakable, Madam, is the pleaſure we felt—it inſtantly communicated

to every heart—what a charming ſcene of mirth opened in a houſe where ſadneſs and mourning had ſo long fixed their abode!—Mrs. Verman, how delighted!—Lord Oſenvor—who could tell his tranſports!—A few days after, Henrietta made him happy.—We all joined in thanks to the Almighty, and bleſſed the hour their hands were united.

I am, Madam,

Your moſt humble Servant,

S. SPENCER.

End of the Second Volume.

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